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JOSEPH AND HIS COLOURED COAT

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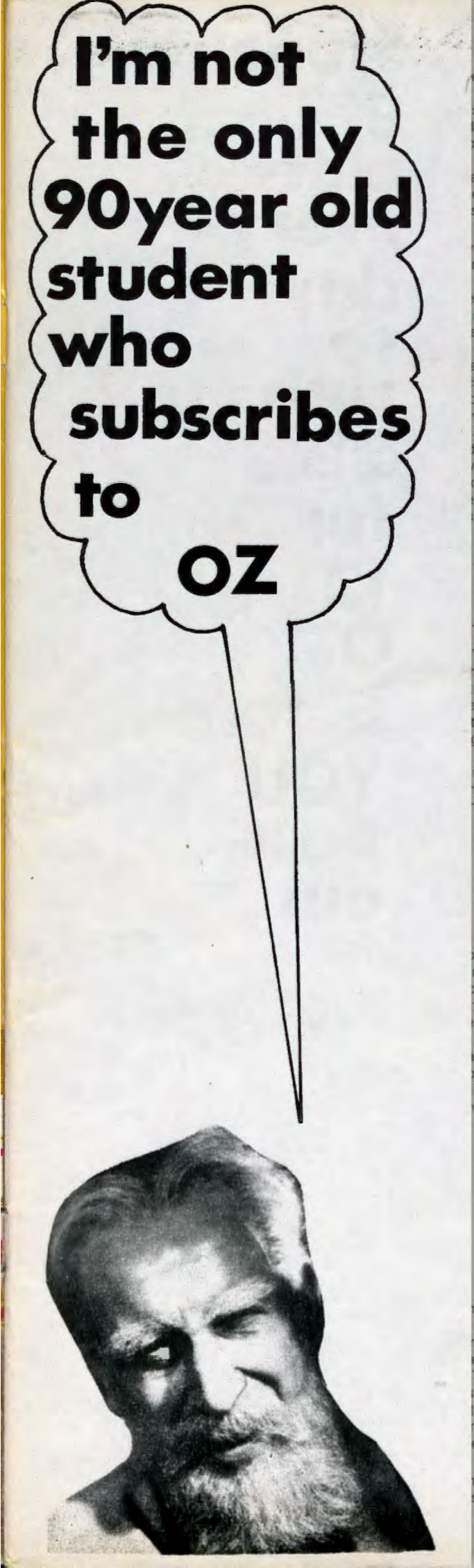

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What's really frightening is the success with which the Trendy False Consciousness has managed to admire the pop products for precisely their banality, predictability and secondhandedness. Attached to society by their lead, the iconclasts caper about celebrating their own submission and defeat. It's all signature and no painting. You can't see the prick for the codpiece.

The new trendies, impressarios, producers and 10%ers may be younger and richer these days. They may conceivably be rationalising and manufacturing things and ideas which are pretty, funny or cheap. But they are still cultural and economic exploiters, in the precise technical sense of that word. They should be treated as that, not as some recherche art form.

Yours, cheesed, tired & revolutionary,

David Widgery,

15 Queen Alexandra Mansions, Judd St WC1

Sir,

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As for the 'large bookshop' a mile from our office, this turns out to be a new and extremely small bookshop, not yet even recognised by the Booksellers Association, that for some time we did not supply as they would not pay their bills.
We have in fact one of the best international sales distributions of any publisher, and our authors know it.

Yours etc

John Calder
Calder and Boyars Ltd/ Publishers
18 Brewer St
London

Dear Sir,

Why did the author of the recent attack on Calder & Boyars not reveal his identity? Hit and run isn't done!

As a publisher I can say that advertising books does not sell them – it only inflates authors' vanity and causes them to complain when it falls off. Publishing foreign writers who are unknown here is more hazardous and expensive than to publish new English authors. It's a well-known fact that many scribes are paranoiac and that most of us publishers are megalomaniac.

Yours narcissistically,

Peter Owen
Peter Owen Ltd/Publishers
12 Kendrick Mews
London SW7

Dear Sir,

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Why don't you stop shitting about, so to speak? If you want to be different, print something to contravene the Obscene Publications Act. If you haven't got the spunk, print beautiful photographs not infantile pictorial stupidity.

Yours most sincerely,

A. de Gris.
14 Wood Mews
London W.1.

Students get older every day so rush 21s for 12 OZ before YOU pass out

40 ANHALT ROAD SW11

GLOBE FISH.

London OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 40 Anhalt Road, London, SW11 Phone: REG 0427, BAT 8407.
Editor: Richard Neville
Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson
Business Manager: Peter Ledeboer
Advertising: Ian Stocks
Design: Jon Goodchild
Art: Martin Sharp
Staff: Andrew Fisher, Robert Whittaker, David Reynolds
Louise

Contributions: are welcome and should be addressed to: The Editor, enclosing s.a.e. *

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Enclose £1 for 12 quivering issues.

Dear Sir,

I have before me a copy of OZ3, which I foolishly bought yesterday. You know, you've got a fucking nerve, charging 2/6 for—what? A banal attack on politicians, a few platitudes on drugs, commercial radio and abortion, a piece of cloying 'Winn-ism' by Colin MacInnes, a few scraps of rather flat 'humour' and some infantile artwork by semi-literates (psychedelic is mis-spelt on the cover, and tongue on the fold-out.)

The only worthwhile thing in the magazine is the article reprinted from 'Ramparts'. I think you could add OZ3 to your list of failures, if it were not so tired and phony.

Yours faithfully,

Michael North,
42 Littlejohn Rd.,
St. Mary Cray,
Orpington.

P.S. Is it really necessary to devote a full page to an attack on John Calder. Is he that important?

Dear Sir,

I'm afraid you make the same mistake as every other minority group – you try to persuade yourself and your readers that you speak for the majority. True, in your case you only usually pretend to speak for the majority of people under 25, but this is still a great delusion.

For example in the last issue: 'The masses . . . hold your profession (politics) in contempt.' '. . . fucking since she was 16 like everyone else.' 'practically everyone under 30 smokes pot.' '. . . something (B.B.C. music) people would avoid if they could.' – and so on. When will the various champions of liberalism and freedom realise that 99 per cent of the youth, like their parents, hate all blacks; would like to see a hydrogen bomb dropped on N. Vietnam; want to see the return of capital and corporal punishment, still rely on political parties to 'do something for us'; still have a pretty ancient code of sexual 'morals'; have no time for illegal drugs, etc., etc.

On the whole they are content with things as they are, and will do whatever the State or convention demands. You really must climb down from your intellectual ivory tower and admit that you(and me) represent a tiny minority of misfits. One other thing: I wish you would have more consideration for your under-sexed readers. Your female contributors make us half-men feel pretty useless.

Yours faithfully,

Victor Coughtrey

Dear Sir,

I have been wanting to write to you for some time to congratulate you on the excellent contents of the first two issues of the *London OZ*. This is the nearest thing to real satire that I have seen come out of Britain. This proves my private theory that Britain's expatriates will be the initiators of any real new cultural change rather than the natives.

Yours sincerely,

Rajat Neogy,
Editor, *Transition*
Uganda

Dear Sir,

Rod Allen's attack on me and panegeric of swinging London epitomises what is going wrong with the trendies. We are asked to accept that London's cultural environment is unique, because the young get rich quick. If you do not throw in your lot with the trendies, 'you're for dead'.

The procession of swingers he evokes speak for themselves . . . even a month later they are looking a little shopsoiled. Michael Peacock and the BBC's Great Leap Backward . . . now resigned and crawling for the Yorkshire contract. Peter Watkins, now sitting in the wreckage of Privilege, shoddily written and plank acted. David Bailey, whose G Passion made one long for a Barclays commercial. Certainly they are young. But there doesn't seem to me to be a qualitative difference between 'being battered into conformity by their elders' and being battered into conformity, trendy and youthful as it is, by Peacock and O'Rahilly. Intellectually they are as full of promise as a cigarette butt, though I don't doubt that their bank managers are happy men. For judged on an intellectual level, Mr Allen's thesis is little more than the Playboy Philosophy meeting Swinging London; of interest primarily to bank managers and their spiritual allies.

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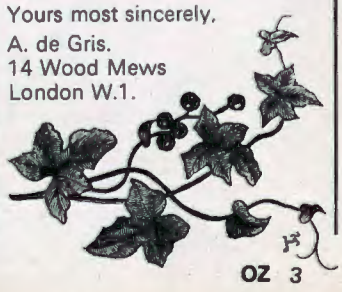

* 8/22 Colville Rd. W.11.

Hysteria About Abortion

WITH just a month to go before report stage in the Commons, the campaign in favour of the Medical Termination of Pregnancy Bill is showing signs of hysteria.

Mr. St. John-Stevas, the Bill's chief critic, is receiving scores of identical printed postcards daily. Each is headed by a dictum of Ulysses Grant, who became President of the United States in 1869: "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution."

I reproduce the rest of one card, allegedly from a girl of 16 whose signature I have blacked out.

What the source of this peculiar method is, and whether the signatures are genuine, Mr. St. John-Stevas has no idea.

Mr Norman St John-Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
SW1

Dear Sir ....

As you will be inundated next week with postcards urging you to reconsider your stand on the projected abortion law, we thought you might care to know what it was all about.

Forewarned *is* forearmed, but we trust you will give these protests serious consideration.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Lawson
Deputy Editor

April 25

I demand you ensure stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not be reformed.
Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every woman who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to gaol now.
Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully,

[redacted]

I am 16 years old. ~~All~~ Most of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.

Daily bombardment of an M P

(EXTRACT FROM THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, MAY 5th)

Extract from Rod C B Lake's letter of January 24:

"And if your poor frustrated writer wishes proof of this statement, I invite her to spend a night or two with me, and if I cannot, in her oppinion, back up my statement with actions, in other words, give her complete sexual satisfaction, she can write an article on the one Englishman She has had, and really run the Englishman down and even use my name."

Mr Rod C B Lake turned out to be a tall, fair-haired man, with a clear steady gaze.

His hair is combed up into a quiff and his even features are twisted by the ghost of an ironic smile. He has a virgin girl friend he is not yet ready to marry, who is slightly uneasy about the consequence of his challenge to Germaine. His early sexual training (which began when he was 'only' 14) was with women in their late thirties and consequently, as he disarmingly confesses, he is not much good at wooing. But awfully good when it comes to the point.

'Dead kinky,' he murmured.

Despite his inviolate steady, he never sleeps alone on the nights his air-steward flatmate works. Asked if he felt any affection for the other women who satisfy his gargantuan sexual needs, he replied that there had been one who satisfied him. 'Only she never came back after the first time,' because of the 'things' he made her do.

To our correspondent he offered complete satisfaction after half an hour. Indeed, she would 'ejaculate' *(sic)*, twice, he assured her, 'before he even put it in.' Where? was the question she did not ask. Moreover, he would carry on for at least two hours, 'before even coming.' This he appeared to believe was the ultimate in sexual bliss.

When Miss Greer pointed out that his only motive for unleashing such virtuosity was his own patriotism, which could hardly constitute motivation for her, he readily agreed, but hoped that the attractiveness of the prospect would induce her to break an oath taken after mature consideration and with complete fervour. It didn't.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

Dear Sir,
On the subject of the group of freedom loving hippies known as the Hippies, I would like to point out that a similar group of hippies have been carrying out practically the same policy for many years in this country.
They are known, I believe, as "The Salvation Army."

Yours in a Hippie kind of way,

transport PROBLEMS

REMOVALS, DELIVERIES, ETC. DORMOBILES WITH HELPFUL WORKING DRIVERS.

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Three department store corsetry assistants have written to complain about Mrs Brenda Breustom's scornful reference to 'dikey salesladies'. (OZ 3). 'It is the customers', they write, 'who make the advances'. It's gratifying that some people took Mrs Breustom seriously. Many readers wrongly suspect that such bizarre letters are editorial inventions.

Even more bizarre are the ones we reject (eg: [i.] The first entry into Mrs Breustom's proposed prick competition. [ii.] A follow-up to Larry's bottom photo —one that had been savagely scoured by the lash).

OZ is as bored with British Breasts (?) as readers must be. There is no winner, so no prize. A special honorary award, however, to the 'IT' girl, Susie, who's splashed in gold on page two.

John Calder, Peter Fryer, Peter Watkins and others will be pontificating on censorship in a public forum organised by the National Secular Society at the Caxton Hall, June 23.

Now that London's 'Speakeasy' club seems destined for frenzied fashionability, the attitude of management to patrons has degenerated from reluctant courtesy to belligerent contempt—a pretty typical syndrome of success. Bibas boutique is renowned for the coolness of its staff. Though of course, wages at Bibas are low, the hours long (from 9 am to 8 pm on Saturdays with two short breaks) and staff suffer the caprice of bizzkid employer Stephen Fitz-Simon. (He recently dismissed 5 girls unjustly, accepting three of them back only when pressured by angry parents.) Business is good.

For possessing cannabis resin, Mr John Hopkins has been sentenced to 9 months gaol. Such outrageous injustice underlines the urgency of law reform. Those readers who completed last issue's pot post-card to Mr Jenkins may soon be invited to take further action. Watch 'The Times'. Meanwhile, come to the benefit for Absent Friends, July 8, Saturday, Roundhouse from 8 pm to 8 am.

Continued page 8

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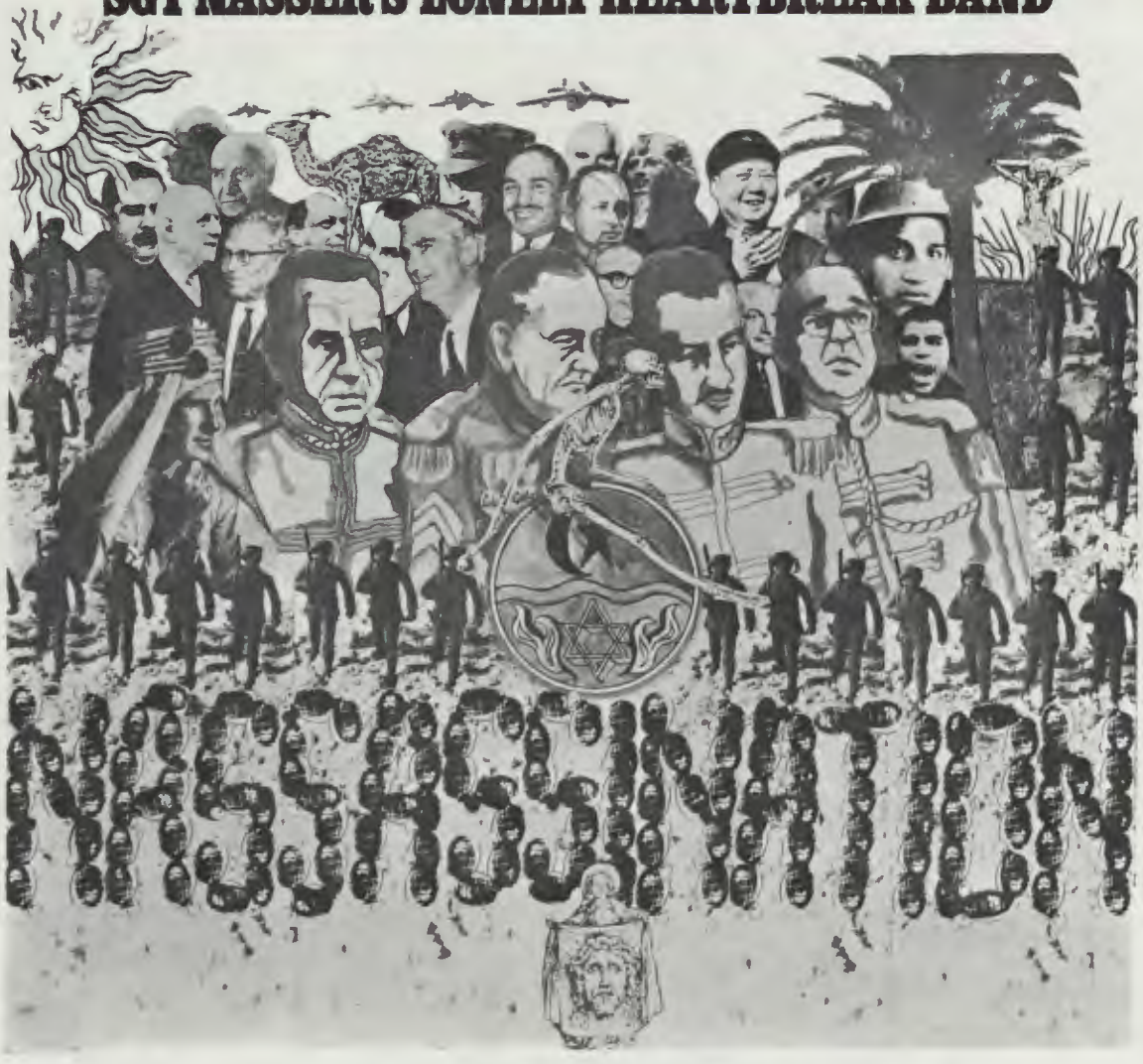
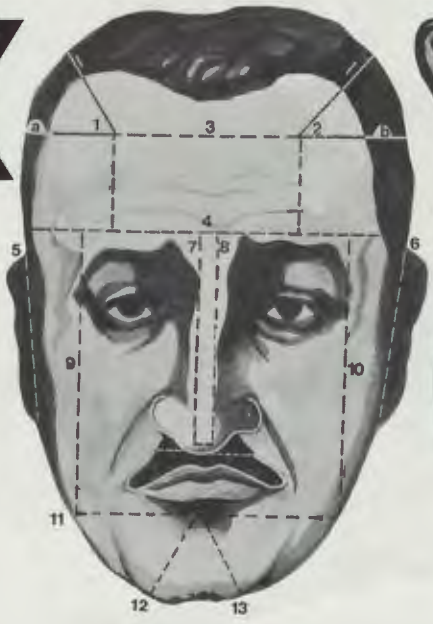


MY NAME IS NORMAN NORMAL
NORMAN 'NINE TO FIVE' NORMAL
I'M A STARER ..... YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN ME STARING AT YOU...
I ALWAYS STARE AT PEOPLE WHO AREN'T NORMAL... .... IT'S NORMAL FOR PEOPLE
..DON'T YOU THINK
WHO ARE NORMAL TO STARE AT PEOPLE WHO AREN'T NORMAL NORMAL NORMAL NORMAL NORMAL

Arab foreskin captured in Sinai Desert.

Dayan eye-patch for turning blind eye to refugee problem.

Jewish Power badge.

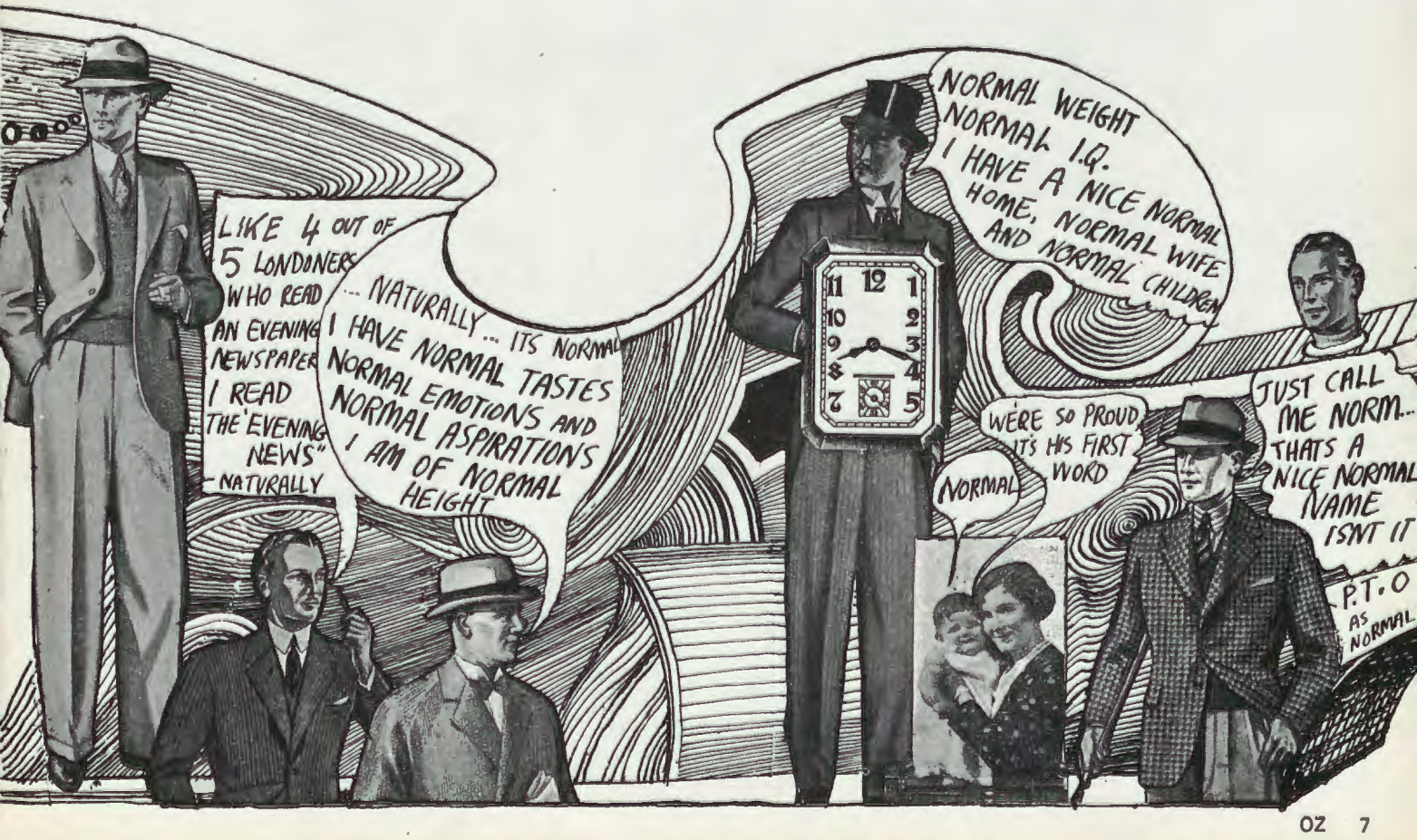


Jewish idol – inadvertent creator of modern Israeli state
Egyptian gully gully man — can lose 100,000 men & produce US & British planes out of thin air

1. Make cuts indicated. Careful, do not cut off tabs a & b
2. Make folds indicated
3. Insert tabs a & b into slits
4. Raise nose and moustache
5. Tuck in jaw

Egyptian campaign medal.

Paul Lawson/Bernard Alum


LIKE 4 OUT OF 5 LONDONERS WHO READ AN EVENING NEWSPAPER I READ THE 'EVENING NEWS' - NATURALLY
... NATURALLY ... ITS NORMAL I HAVE NORMAL TASTES NORMAL EMOTIONS AND NORMAL ASPIRATIONS I AM OF NORMAL HEIGHT
NORMAL WEIGHT NORMAL I.Q. I HAVE A NICE NORMAL HOME, NORMAL WIFE AND NORMAL CHILDREN
WERE SO PROUD, IT'S HIS FIRST WORD
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JUST CALL ME NORM... THATS A NICE NORMAL NAME ISNT IT
P.T.O AS NORMAL

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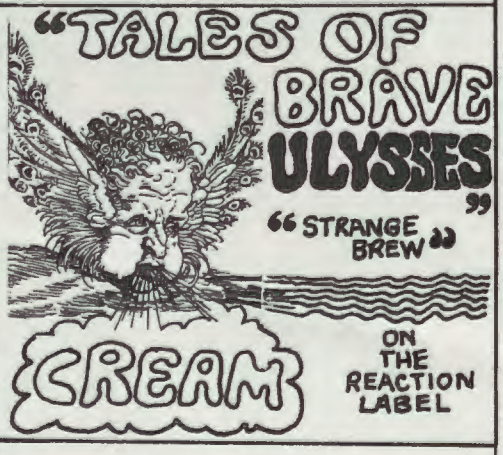

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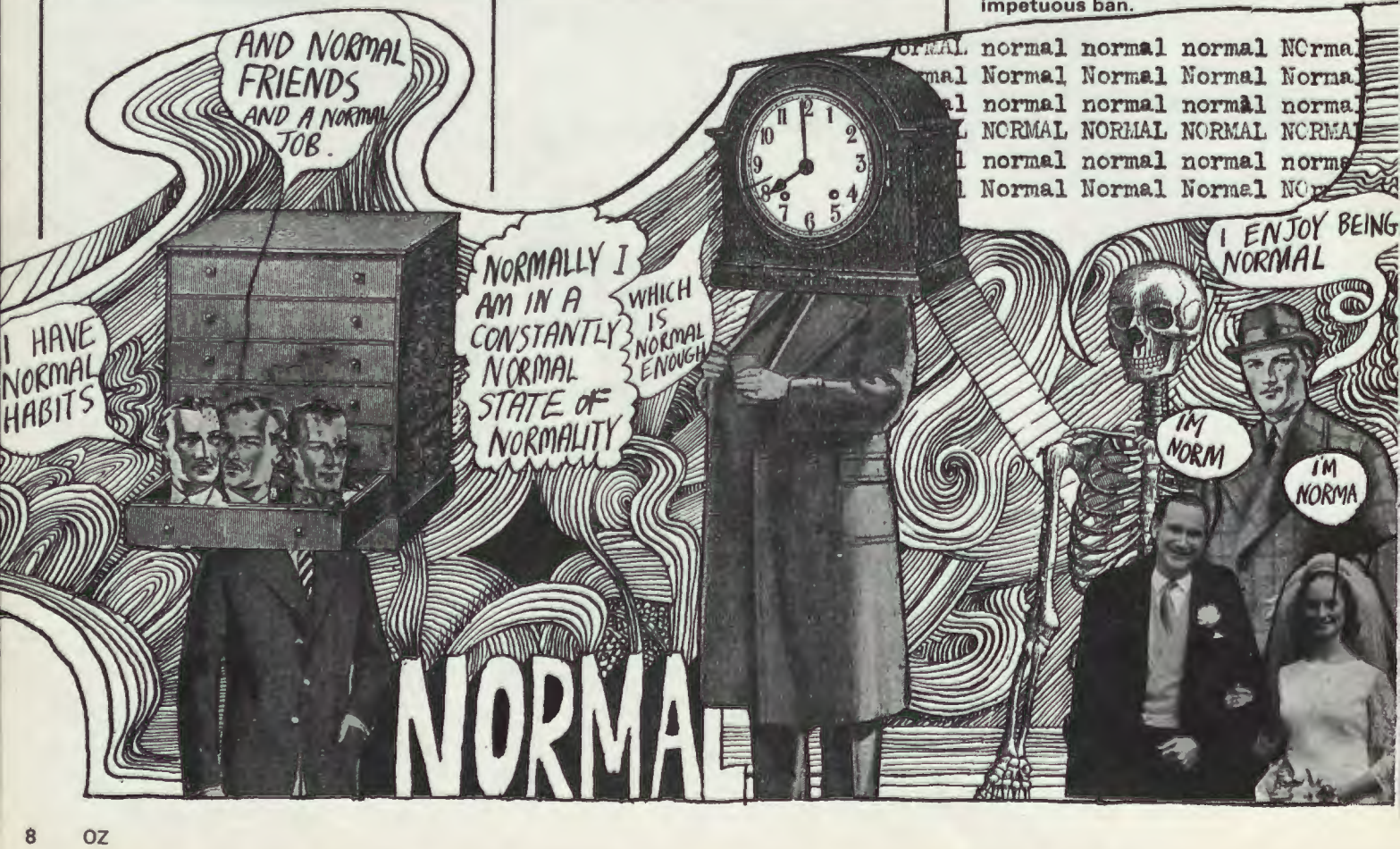
Continued from page 4

Be at the be-in, Hyde Park Serpentine, Sunday, July 16. Bring along gifts and goodies to give to friends. Leave behind ambitions to star in a BBC documentary. Many at Alexandra Palace drifted about aimlessly until spotted by TV teams—then they freaked out sensationally, self-consciously.

Expatriate Americans have formed a committee to urge US withdrawal from Vietnam. Potes, pop singers, jazzmen, comedians, actors et all are hurling themselves into its inaugural manifestation, 'Angry Arts Week' at the Roundhouse from June 27 to July 2. Non Americans welcome.

The greedy hypocrisy of W H Smith's is so notorious as to be non newsy. Yet every so often a work of real merit is banned by these ruthlessly commercial quakers. A recent victim is the first novel by Clement Biddle-Wood, 'Welcome to the Club' (Weidenfield & Nicholson) which was supposedly suppressed for an overuse of dirty words. In fact it is a coyly restrained work which illuminates the pitfalls of contrived intergrationism befalling the quaker army officer hero. It is sad that mass appreciation of 'Welcome to the Club' is hampered by Smith's impetuous ban.


AND NORMAL FRIENDS AND A NORMAL JOB.
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I HAVE NORMAL HABITS
NORMALLY I AM IN A CONSTANTLY NORMAL STATE OF NORMALITY
WHICH IS NORMAL ENOUGH
I ENJOY BEING NORMAL
IM NORM
IM NORMA
NORMAL

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300 PERSONAL AD'S

TO WAY OUT 29 WESTBOURNE PARK MEWS,

LONDON, W.2

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED 7/6 FOR MY POST PAID COPY OF YOUR MAGAZINE. I AM OVER THE AGE OF 21.

Name (Block capitals) .....

Address .....

IT'S SO VERY SENSIBLE TO BE NORMAL
NORMAL IS SUCH A NICE WORD
IT'S NICE AND NORMAL TO WANT TO BE NORMAL
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE NORMAL TOO?
NORMAL
VERY NORMAL
SENSIBLY NORMAL
NORMAL
WHY CANT WE ALL BE NORMAL
I AM NORMAL
WE ARE
MARTIN SHARP.

Kensington Post

Hamlet: 'I say, we will have no more marriages.' Ophelia: 'but da hling, mommy's already sent out the invitations.'

On May 13, Katie took Mike McInnerny★ as her lawful wedded husband and gave birth to the first hippie wedding. You were all invited to the gay outdoor nuptials; incense, exotic garlands, fifes and drums, the fuzz and mums.

'We married', says Mike, 'on an impulse'. Previously they had lived together, separated, met again then decided to trip up the aisle. 'It was about the only thing left we hadn't tried'.

Marriage as kicks, as a happening, as a rave. If you must capitulate, that's the spirit. But must you?

Now that even Women's Magazines are timidly suggesting that marriage is outdated, it is odd that the exuberent avant garde should still channel their love through the Registry Office.

Old fashioned cynics regard marriage as merely a public declaration of a private intention and squares share the philosophy of the Andrew Sisters that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.

Others denigrate the roll of love and hold marriage to be function of the intellectual will, a convenient contractual arrangement, a device necessary for the rearing of children.

Marriage is more than this. Marriage is a masochistic ritual, an unhappy, anachronistic hoax. Most are disastrous.

Add to the sombre statistics of divorce the number of dead partnerships rotting under a facade deemed essential for social or breeding purposes—the spiritual divorcees.

Look around you. Look at your wedded contemporaries. A phoney bliss croaking under the strain of compulsory cohabitation, their partnership rendered impotent by a future robbed of mystery, a love affair wet-blanketed by the gnawing responsibilities of permanent contractual obligations.

Remember your parents? Look at them in family album wedding photos. Look at them now . . . incessant bickering, relentless incompatability, conflicting desperate pleas for loyalty—the drab legacy of 30 years of togetherness.

Some marriages work brilliantly, of course. For a while. But who needs it? How many enhance the original relationship?

Society should encourage pre-marital cohabitation. Parents should assist newly unmarrieds to set up house, avoid pregnancies and take on responsibilities. Living in sin could be more than a chic prelude to marriage—why not a serious rehearsal for long term living together?

Relationships can be worked out fully and abandoned painlessly when bankrupt. There is a current craze to simplify divorce, a short term measure. Instead, marriages should be made more difficult or left to evolve into redundancy. Certainly human liasons can be intellectually and emotionally fruitful and it is not suggested they should depend on the compatability of crotches. However, 'marriages'—legal and/or spiritual—are less likely to degenerate into frightening sagas of destruction if the participants are practised.

The only problem of casual cohabitation is children. Means of support can be worked out. The legal machinery used need not be complicated. The legislature is able to draft far more intricate bills to deal with tax avoidance. At the moment the law, typically, penalises unmarried mothers by making the maximum support they can get from their fathers about 30/- per week. Compare that with incentive destroying alimony awards.

Perhaps a modified Kibbutz system could be applied to groups of people sharing accommodation. It might be more interesting than the domestic vegetable patch. (Removing the stigma from illegitimacy, incidentally, would remove pressure for abortions.)

While many affect to despise the institution of marriage, most are resigned to its inevitability. If not for themselves, for their friends. We urge all readers to accept *Punch's* classic advice to those on the verge—

don't.

It is better to burn than to marry.

GUIDE TO LIVING IN SIN

Item 1. *Tax.* Claim your lover as a dependent.

Item 2. *National Assistance.* 'Cohabitation' qualifies you for the same extra benefits as if you were married. Be sure to press for your rightful increment.

Item 3. *Travel.* Honesty is often a handicap. P&O Shipping won't offer double cabins to unmarried couples. If, on the other hand, they accepted a 'married' booking and then discover you are unmarried, your names will be left on the passenger lists as Mr & Mrs. The P&O booking clerk said this attitude is common to most shipping lines. Was it illegal to sell sinful double berths? 'Er, I don't know. Probably. The Government might get us for encouraging immorality.'
British Railways are quite happy to supply double sleepers. 'We don't ask for wedding certificates. If you both use the same surname, who are we to argue?'

Item 4. *Accommodation.* Avoid Irish boarding houses. One we contacted had no objection so long as the couple had been living together a long time. He wasn't sympathetic to the suggestion that 'newly unmarrieds' pretend they were married. 'It still doesn't alter the facts', he said grumpily.
Flat sharing agencies are reluctant to register unmarried couples. One had had some on his books for over six months. 'People don't want to know', he said. Apparently this was due partly to moral prejudice and partly to the inconvenience of 'mixed' dwellings.

Item 5. *Credit Accounts.* No problems. Even square old Derry & Toms, for instance, suggested that one of the partners have an authority to operate on the other one's account.

Item 6. *Contraception.* Family planning clinics are quite reasonable. If they are too overcrowded to assist unmarrieds, they advise clinics which do. One we contacted agreed to fit a coil to an unmarried OZ girl as long as she'd had one child. For the pill, see your friendly, non-Catholic, family doctor.

Item 7. *Education for your Bastard.* Middle class boarding schools are cautious but willing to accept illegitimate children. One advised that illegitimacy ought not to be recorded on the application but 'raised discreetly with the head during a personal interview'. Eton regarded the question as irrelevant to consideration of an application.

Item 8. *Holidays.* Keep away from Butlins. 'If you were unmarried you wouldn't get a chalet between you'. Their representative agreed that some unmarrieds might bluff their way through. Well, why not if you were honest? 'Use your common sense'. What did that mean? Use your common sense, it might be your outlook on life, but not other people's'.

Item 9. *Marriage Guidance.* The Marriage Guidance people counsel married couples, unmarried couples, single people, anyone. There's no pressure to bear on unmarrieds to sanctify their union.

Item 10. *Marriage.* For the British the nearest thing to a 'quickie' Mexican divorce may be in Iceland. If possible, get married there and you will be in a stronger position to reap the benefits. For your divorce to be recognised in England one of you will need to be a resident there at the time of it (three weeks is enough). Of course, you don't have to be a resident to get married there.
The grounds for divorce in Iceland are many and sensible and include mutual incompatability and general breakdown of marriage.
Formalities are speedy. Icelandic Steamship Co. run a special excursion in August and September for £49.10 return, enabling you to stay for up to one month.

Bastard . . . is one born out of lawful wedlock.' This is the opening statement in the section of Halsbury's Laws of England dealing with, as they put it, Bastardy and Affiliation.

You, an intelligent, emancipated woman, may decide to have a child without marrying the father. There are any number of good reasons for doing this. Maybe you hate him now, possibly you think your lives would be happier apart or perhaps you simply can't remember who he was. Of course you have rejected the idea of an abortion as it's against the law. You may consider you have enough money either to bring the child up or at least to care for him until you find someone you do feel like marrying. Everyone, including the oldies, may approve. But it's useless because as Lord Halsbury says:

'The child of an unmarried woman is always born a **Bastard.**'

And it's no good saying you had a husband once but he died because his Lordship adds:

'The child, too, of a widow is a **Bastard** if he is born so long after the husband's death that he cannot by any possibility be the issue of the husband.' If you want to go sleeping around make sure you do it while he's still alive.

So you decide to get married. But there are pitfalls. If marriage takes place between 'parties who are within the prohibited degrees of relationship contained in the Table of Kindred and Affinity set out in the Marriage Act 1949 then the marriage is invalid and any child a **Bastard.**'

As a check list we reproduce for you the Table itself. Cut it out and keep it with you for reference:

But don't marry anyone in the Table or you will produce **Bastards.**

Be careful about the time you get married. It must be done between the hours of 8 am and 6 pm or all your children will be **Bastards.** If a clergyman is reckless enough to solemnize your marriage after the rush hour he will make himself liable to imprisonment for **fourteen years!**

Suppose you and your friend have a child. It will of course be a **Bastard.** Some day you may want to legitimise it by getting married. It's all right if neither of you were married before. But if the father was married to someone else and then got a divorce to marry you, the child is, and very properly so, punished for the father's wickedness and will remain a **Bastard.**

If you yourself are a **Bastard** you are not regarded as a child of your parents for the purposes of inheriting, taking title, etc. However, don't try and marry your sister because even though a familyless **Bastard** you must observe the dreaded Table of Kindred and Affinity.

In a fit of anger you may decide to try and prove one of your children is a little **Bastard** and so take advantage of the law's fearsome disapproval. It may make him behave better. Remember, then, that Halsbury says you can, in court, 'compel your wife's **paramour** to answer questions as to adultery.' If she hasn't got one (and who can afford the birdseed these days) you're out of luck.

Men! Imagine that you've managed to work it all out and marry someone you fancy. You are not in the clear yet because the law's restraining hand will lie groping in the marriage bed . . .

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS YOU CAN'T DO TO YOUR WIFE

wife may present a petition for divorce on the ground that her husband has since the celebration of the marriage been guilty of sodomy or bestiality. Sodomy with the petitioner herself is within the section.' *(Halsbury Vol 12 P281)* Sodomy is defined by the law as doing it up the anus and bestiality as doing it with animals. Some immortal is on record as being divorced for having it off with chooks. Anyway they're both out. Getting that Labrador will be a waste of time.

As Lord Hanworth (Master of the Rolls) once said when talking about sodomy 'in its very essence every person must realise that such an act is against nature.' The law is clear. We must not go against nature. Up with nature. But don't get caught.

In Statham v Statham* it was said: '. . . solicitations to sodomy or other beastly acts were in themselves cruelty (i.e. grounds for divorce) unless they proceeded at the invitation of or with the consent of the wife.'

So beastly acts are out too.

Watch carefully the books you buy. They should always be in English. In Statham v Statham evidence was given of the husband's awful nature. He had '. . . books containing accounts of depraved vice. Three of the books were in **German** and one in **French.**' The brain reels with lust at the thought.

Needless to say, all forms of beating are regarded as cruelty. Put aside all your whips and Devices, sado-masochism is out.

The list goes on. In Lawson v Lawson (1955) a divorce was obtained on the grounds of persistent cruelty in that the husband *(inter alia)* '. . . had insisted on the wife masturbating him against her wish.'

Masturbation is forbidden.

In Bampton v Bampton which was decided in the far-off days of 1959, part of the proof of cruelty was held to be '. . . that the wife was a consenting party to some disgusting sexual perversions which had taken place between them, the husband using the wife's mouth.'

Eliminate fellatio from your repertoire.

A hint of things to come is contained in the words of counsel as he questioned the wife in a more recent case in 1963. The husband was accused of cruelty: '. . . Well now, take the most horrible, much the most horrible of all I should have thought, one I can refer to by saying to you the 'swallowing'. . .'

Even swallowing is out.

A final thought. You and your wife may be sick of each other. You may feel that to go on living together would create tension unhappiness and lead to bad health and disastrously affect your respective careers. In other words your marriage has broken down and there's no point in going on. That, note, is not grounds for divorce. You will have to go on until one

Continued page 17

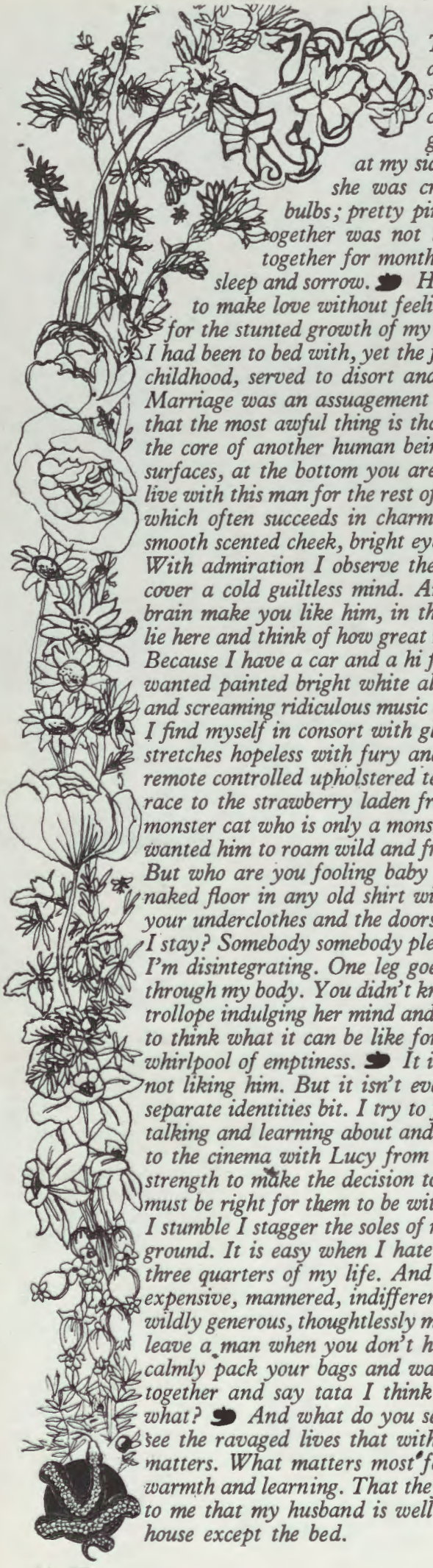
Kindred and affinity, Part 1
Prohibited degrees of relationship

Mother
Daughter
Father's mother
Mother's mother
Son's daughter
Daughter's daughter
Sister
Wife's mother
Wife's daughter
Father's wife
Son's wife
Father's father's wife
Mother's father's wife
Wife's father's mother
Wife's mother's mother
Wife's son's daughter
Wife's daughter's daughter
Son's son's wife
Daughter's son's wife
Father's sister
Mother's sister

Brother's daughter
Sister's daughter
Father
Son
Father's father
Mother's father
Son's son
Daughter's son
Brother
Husband's father
Husband's son
Mother's husband
Daughter's husband
Father's mother's husband
Mother's mother's husband
Husband's father's father
Husband's mother's father
Husband's son's son
Husband's daughter's son
Son's daughter's husband
Daughter's daughter's husband
Father's brother
Mother's brother
Brother's son
Sister's son

You probably didn't realize so many people were forbidden to you. However we have found loopholes. Life is not as dull as it seems.

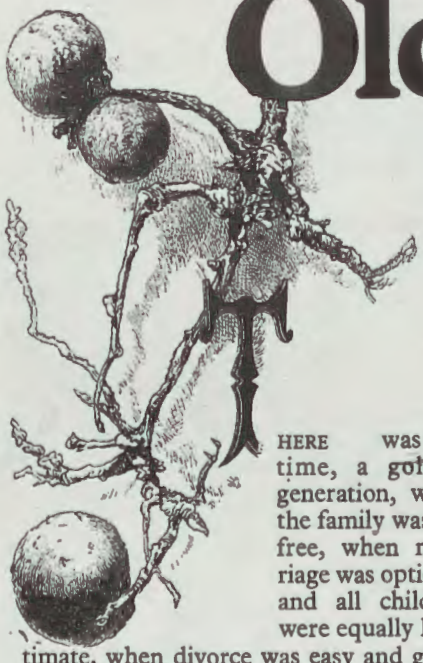
Some suggestions for this month:
Why not propose to . . .
Your great grandmother Your cousin!
Your great grandson Your grandniece



The thunderous organ music drowning, my head and my heart and my body in its long white dress going under. This was the sound of my sacrificial drums. My Woman's Own moment. I could not think of the staggering vows I was uttering before the grey faced man in the lace robes, and I don't remember the man at my side, and I don't remember where my mother was crying. Only that she was crying. ❧ *Afterwards came the champagne; wet kisses; flash bulbs; pretty pink telegrams. The rain in the London night. And the first night together was not the first night together at all. But it was the first time alone together for months. The incessant drone of planes invaded the privacy of sex and sleep and sorrow.* ❧ *Honeymoon. A riotous sally into guiltless sensuality. Extraordinary to make love without feeling guilt. There is a heavy responsibility on somebody's shoulders for the stunted growth of my early sexuality. My husband was the first and the only man that I had been to bed with, yet the feelings of shame imbued in me by the haunting puritan shadows of childhood, served to disort and disturb the clarity of emotion about sex to a fearsome degree. Marriage was an assuagement of this guilt.* ❧ *That was six years ago. Now I sometimes feel that the most awful thing is that I really don't like him very much. In the end, when you get to the core of another human being, you have to face the fact that whatever you do to unite the surfaces, at the bottom you are two separate entities that will never merge. I've undertaken to live with this man for the rest of my life, and now what do I see? A deep covering layer of charm, which often succeeds in charming me. Areas of sensitivity that take me by surprise. A baby smooth scented cheek, bright eye, well shot cuff of expensive silk that beguiles me for the instant. With admiration I observe the intellectual demolition of lesser men. But the ponderous words cover a cold guiltless mind. And isn't the sensitivity part of possessiveness? Can a man's brain make you like him, in the way that his body can make you dislike?* ❧ *And now I can lie here and think of how great my life is, because I can ski in the snow time and swim in the sun. Because I have a car and a hi fi and a maid and a gracious fucking neutral drawing room that I wanted painted bright white all over and jammed with ridiculous things and screaming colours and screaming ridiculous music and people.* ❧ *How did I get this house and it isn't me? How do I find myself in consort with gliding gilded people that I can't talk to or think with? The night stretches hopeless with fury and remorse.* ❧ *Beat my heels on the feather bed and spit on the remote controlled upholstered tenway television.* ❧ *Bury my toes in the Persian rug as my feet race to the strawberry laden fridge. Fling the silver wrapped unsalted Normandy butter at the monster cat who is only a monster now because of castration. And I didn't want him castrated I wanted him to roam wild and free and what if he does come home with torn ears and a full belly? But who are you fooling baby in your cream silk night attire when you should be rolling on a naked floor in any old shirt without pants and who does it hurt if there's no lace ever ever on your underclothes and the doors of Helena Rubenstein are shut in your face?* ❧ *Do I go? Must I stay? Somebody somebody please know the difference between right and wrong. I'm splitting up. I'm disintegrating. One leg goes one way one heart beat the other. The parting in my hair goes through my body. You didn't know that did you, onlookers? You thought ah ha another licentious trollope indulging her mind and her ha ha body. The cat may be away but you have ever stopped to think what it can be like for the mouse. Mice get bored. Mice get lonely. Mice get lost in a whirlpool of emptiness.* ❧ *It isn't that I hate him. Of course I don't. Sometimes I think about not liking him. But it isn't even that. That would be simple. But it isn't simple. It's the two separate identities bit. I try to find honesty. Not the honesty that says yes I've been talking and talking and learning about and being with some one I might love instead of saying yes I've been to the cinema with Lucy from next door. But the honesty to recognise where the cheat is. The strength to make the decision to reject it. What is* **right?** ❧ *There is right for my children. It must be right for them to be with their mother.* ❧ *There is right for my husband. Here is where I stumble I stagger the soles of my feet are bleeding with the paces I take over this thorny terrible ground. It is easy when I hate him for something. But how can I hate him? He isn't there for three quarters of my life. And he is not hatable for the remaining quarter. He is entertaining, expensive, mannered, indifferent, tough, intelligent, unwarm, possessive, protective, infuriating, wildly generous, thoughtlessly mean, and perhaps for one tenth of the quarter, hateable.* ❧ *Try to leave a man when you don't hate him. Hit him. Scratch out his eyes and his soul.* ❧ *Try to calmly pack your bags and walk from the house you built together with the children you built together and say tata I think there's something better somewhere else. And what he says is, what?* ❧ *And what do you see when you look around you? You see the packed bags and you see the ravaged lives that wither in loneliness and unpaid bills.* ❧ *So you try to tot up what matters. What matters most for you all. It matters to me that my children live in light and warmth and learning. That they are forced to accept no one's values but their own.* ❧ *It matters to me that my husband is well fed, and well bed, but you can live a lie in every corner of the house except the bed.*

Why did Svetlana's Old Man Marry anyway?

POLLY TOYNBEE



HERE was a time, a golden generation, when the family was set free, when marriage was optional and all children were equally legitimate, when divorce was easy and given on demand, and abortions were legal, unlimited and free, when contraceptives were issued by the state and free-love was welcomed and encouraged for all. It was the time to be alive, this age of uninhibited private lives, free from the hypocrisy and inconsistencies of current attitudes on sex.

In Russia, after the revolution there was a whole generation of people who were allowed to choose their instincts themselves – a generation when all restrictive sex laws were stripped off like the seven veils.

But the family has always been an instrument of the state. It imposes sexual inhibition so as to organise men's lives into communities, trying to make society stable by an unnatural means. So, in 1936 Russian policy changed, to suit new political ends. The state wanted stability, not mobility as in 1917, and it adopted a more violently puritanical outlook than before, and it now has the most rigid laws in Europe. What happened to the brave new freedoms that the revolution brought?

The rest of Europe felt comforted and complaisant when Russia clamped down in 1936, and backpeddling hurriedly reverted to all the old bourgeois cant about the sanctity of marriage, and the wickedness of sex. I'm sure they gloated with satisfaction and told each other that free-love doesn't work, and virtue will out, and all that, but Russia's retraction was purely political, not social. After the revolution the state needed a flexible and mobile population, so as to get labour to areas where it was needed most. In a time when the country was in such desperate need the government demanded that every comrade should be prepared to put his country and communism before all personal ties. Everyone was to dedicate his life to the state, and to do this, had to be released from all other conflicting responsibilities. The state was justifying itself for tearing husbands away from their families, for making women work and for bringing up children in collective nurseries. Free-love was only a political expedient, not an end in itself. Strelnikov in *Doctor Zhivago*, the tough political leader, leaves his wife and child, changes his name, denounces family life in favour of service to the state, and even bombs the town where he knows his family is living. The family was disrupted to make good revolutionaries, not for sexual freedom.

Then the state softened up, and began to use bourgeois techniques for stabilizing the country. In 1936 a *Pravda* editorial said that 'free love and disorder in sexual life' had 'nothing in common with social principles or with the ethics and rules of conduct of a soviet citizen,' and that they were bourgeois concepts. Looking round at the British bourgeosie I dont' see free love as one of its maxims, just the old attitudes, 'Nice girls don't' and the like, but there it is. *Pravda* had forgotten what bourgeois meant, and the state wanted its citizens pushed back into family pigeon-holes.

And now the government pumps out endless propaganda about chastity, and continence and married bliss. The generation of the revolution, the free-love-makers, are strapped back in their strait-jackets. Women are forced to have children they don't want through lack of contraception and abortion, and unmarried mothers are offered no sympathy. Divorce is less easy and all marriages have to be registered. It's all just like Britain, but worse. Sex is progeny, not for pleasure and love-making is outlawed, and all the bourgeois Billy Holiday girls, both sides of the iron curtain, sing plaintively to their lovers,

'Just wish you'd make it proper
To call my old man Poppa',

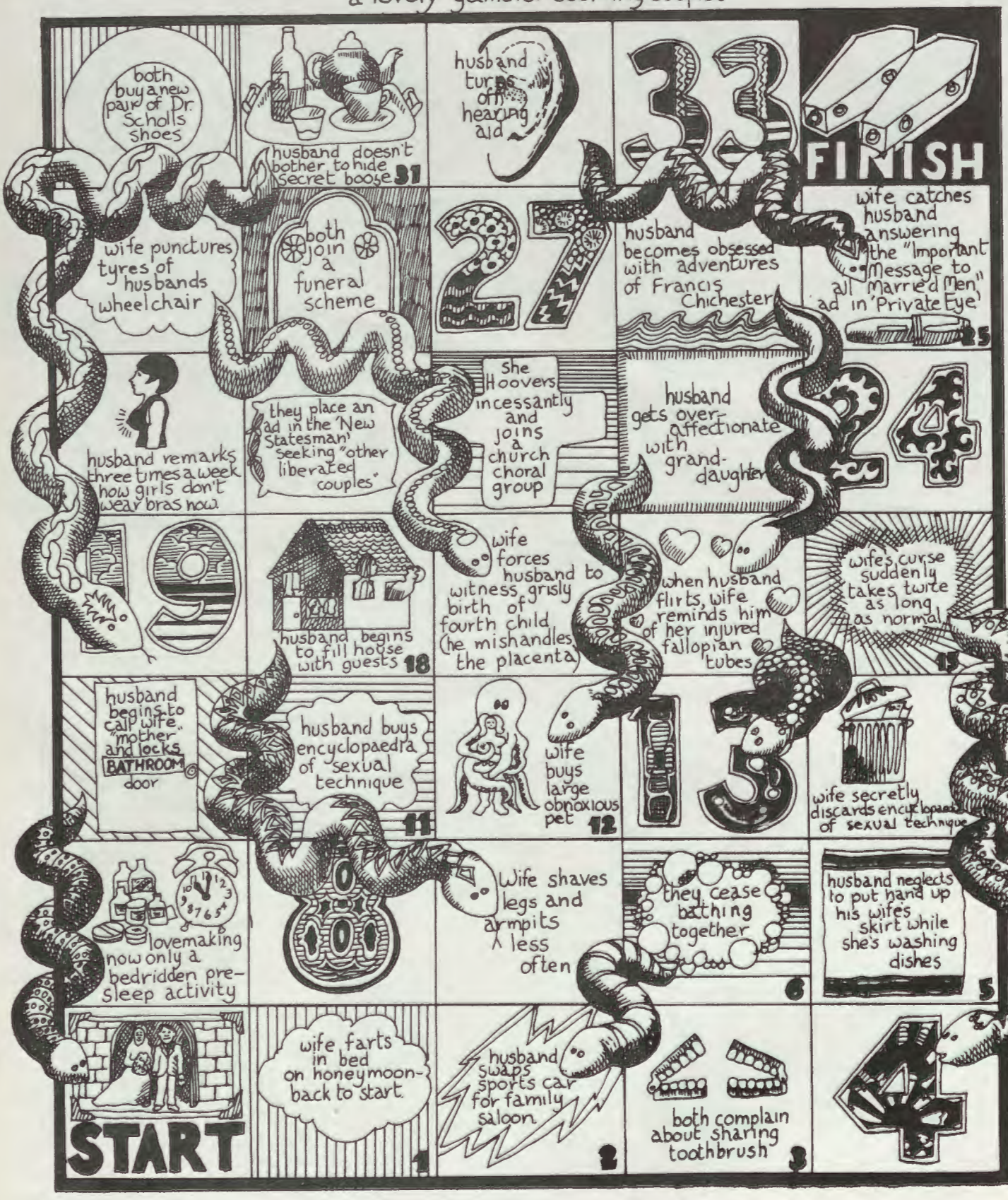
because nice girls don't any more.

Russia's tyrannical puritanism isn't a case for England and the rest of Europe to pat itself on the back and criticise the lack of freedom under communist rule. It seems to me that Britain's triple think on sex is far more damaging and disreputable than Russia's consistent restriction.

It isn't a question of making a law that there shall be no marriage, but of allowing all people to live with whom they like, as they like, letting people choose for themselves how best to run their lives, and of giving them the new opportunities for choice that contraception, abortion and divorce should offer. In fact the family survived, as the key unit in society, throughout a generation in Russia, without needing the added pressure of the law and social custom. In the cities a great many people did make use of the new laws, and many marriages were dissolved. The revolution itself had caused rifts in families that couldn't be accommodated. Women, many of whom had been forced into arranged marriages, under feudal law, were free to divorce their husbands without even telling them. Contraception, although it was freely available, was resisted strongly, and free and unlimited abortion was used instead. So the law benefited many and released them from burdens they didn't want. Yet most people went on getting married and having children, and especially in the country, things changed very little, but there was nothing forcing families to stay together. I would have thought that pressure and compulsion makes most people feel claustrophobic and resentful. Where both partners know that the other is there because he wants to be, not because he has to be, a relationship is bound to be more successful, and perhaps, in a way, more permanent.

SNAKES & SNAKES

a lovely game for courting couples


START
husband buys encyclopaedia of sexual technique
husband begins to call wife "mother" and locks BATHROOM door
husband remarks three times a week how girls don't wear bras now
wife punctures tyres of husbands wheelchair
both buy a new pair of Dr. Scholls shoes
husband doesn't bother to hide secret booze
husband turns off hearing aid
husband becomes obsessed with adventures of Francis Chichester
wife catches husband answering the "Important Message to all Married Men" ad in 'Private Eye'
FINISH
husband gets over-affectionate with grand-daughter
wife's curse suddenly takes twice as long as normal
wife secretly discards encyclopaedia of sexual technique
wife buys large obnoxious pet
when husband flirts, wife reminds him of her injured fallopian tubes
wife forces husband to witness grisly birth of fourth child (he mishandles the placenta)
husband begins to fill house with guests
they place an ad in the 'New Statesman' seeking "other liberated couples"
both join a funeral scheme
She Hoovers incessantly and joins a church choral group
Wife shaves legs and armpits less often
they cease bathing together
husband neglects to put hand up his wife's skirt while she's washing dishes
lovemaking now only a bedridden pre-sleep activity
wife farts in bed on honeymoon-back to start
husband swaps sports car for family saloon
both complain about sharing toothbrush

Candy is dandy Liquor is quicker Penguins are pink But don't tell the Vicar

by the author of **Last Exit to Brewer St.**

The split between Penguin's founder-proprietor Sir Allen Lane and whizzkid chief editor Anthony Godwin has been explained in various ways, of which the most popular are

1. The new colour covers were too jolly and disturbed the old guard, which still clings to the puritanical functionalism of the '30s;

2. Godwin wanted Penguin Books pushed through Boots, Woolworths and all sorts of infra dig outlets as well as through the bookshops to whom the veterans wanted to stay loyal.

3. Godwin and Sir Allen got on each other's nerves.

It's also been suggested that many sub-editors and writers will go if Godwin goes, and none of the above reasons justifies what's either a mass walkout or a mass purge. Maybe we should take our speculations for a little walk in another, political, direction.

Interviewed on radio not long ago, Sir Allen explained that when he began Penguins, paperbacks generally were a gaudy lot that you slipped under the cushions when the vicar came to tea. Penguins were to be paperbacks that you'd have no need to hide.

Penguin Specials soon became discreetly left, but it wasn't an offensive thing to be, what with Hitler, the Beveridge Report, the Attlee administration, and it still isn't, if you follow the literary-ethical tone of the *New Statesman*. You can be left without shocking the vicar. After all, 'whoever governs, the Whigs rule.' And merely thinking in terms of entertaining the vicar to tea is sufficient to attach Sir Allen to the Whig tradition.

Over the last few years, though, Penguin Specials have taken a sharper radical edge. It's only escaped comment because English literary journals prefer not to review anything so vulgar as a paperback, and because where politics are concerned they're as innocent as the water-babies.

But, or so rumours run, Sir Allen has been disturbed by the lifting of establishmentarian eyebrows at the number of Penguin Specials which are not only to the left of Mr Heath, but actually to the left of Mr Wilson. Some sort of crisis was reached over the Penguin Special on the Trade Unions, compiled as it was by editors of the *New Left Review*.

Within the book trade, there have been rumours about other pressures. In particular, the Penguin West African series was thought by some civil servants, and their old boy network, as too outspoken in its criticisms of the way the West is shouldering the white man's burden. The book of Siné cartoons is said to have brought strong pressures to bear from our Roman Catholic brethren. (However, there's no evidence to implicate your friend and mine, Norman St. John Stevas, the maiden auntie of the swinging Tories and the patron saint of back street abortionists). At any rate, this book, it's said, won't be reprinted by Penguins, and copies may actually be withdrawn from bookshops. After all, it's just the sort of book a timid Whig would slip under the cushions when the priest comes to tea.

Such pressures have, reputedly, been accumulating for some time. But, so the theory runs, there could be a more pressing consideration to clinch Sir Allen's resolution that Godwin must go. One day Penguin Books may be sold. Maybe one or two British publishers could, just about, afford to buy it. But the price would shoot skyhigh if American concerns were in there pitching. And what American publisher would want to pay *x*-million dollars for a set-up which is notoriously packed with pinkos?

It's significant that Penguins have proved liveliest in just these spheres which one knows (from how he built up Better Books) are Godwin's. One may have reservations about the extent to which the English Literature section is near-monopolised by what one of the Sundays called 'the hidden network of the Leavisites'. But nobody's perfect. And Penguin's dreariest and most confused sectors are those whose editors operate outside Godwin's area of competence. The Psychology series is a cranky collection of, mainly, umpteen volumes by Eysenck and, in default of anything solid and central on psychoanalysis, just those vague, irrelevant titles one would expect from an editor who's trying to be representative but would much rather not have to be. Red-hot subjects like **Homosexuality** get assigned to Anthony Storr, who's also the telly's most reassuring consultant psychologist and operates with a synthesis of Freudian and Jungian ideas; as a master of tact, he's almost the only challenging writer the series has. The History series has emitted a few respectable classics, but kept its 1930-era Whig skirts well clear of the challenging breakthrough in the writing of social history. Increasingly Penguins seem uncertain as to where popularisation ends and the specialised textbook begins. The *Penguin Survey of the Social Sciences 1965* is even more unreadably abstruse than anything in *The British Journal of Sociology*. One isn't surprised that Penguin's competitors have steadily been creeping up on them, snatching popular titles which Penguins neglected.

How Penguins will manage after the purge of the Godwinites is a gloomy thought. Even gloomier is the thought that the almighty dollar has, simply by its **potentiality** taken over another of the few fields in which a genuinely English political tradition was still reaching the mass public.

Continued from page **13**

happen without any sort of agreement between you because that would be collusion. You will have to face the expense, trouble, waste of time and humiliation of going to court to prove:

1. Adultery
2. 3-year desertion
3. One of you is incurably insane. (Not surprising!)
4. An unnatural offence
5. Cruelty – and here you may be in luck because at one tine or another the courts have held that any of the following may, under certain circumstances, amount to cruelty ——

   Coitus Interruptus
   Sulking
   Abstinence of one party. Needless to say, the other party wanted it.
   Meanness. Shiftlessness.
   Nagging
   Lesbianism
   Communicating V.D.
   Humiliating abuse in public.

On the other hand, if you're two of the most decent people that anyone's ever met and none of these things apply to you – you've goofed. You're stuck **together.**

A LITTLE LOWER S'IL VOUS PLAIT MAMSELLE!
SHARP AND DÜRER

LET HIM DIE

And De Gaulle presents himself at the Gates, where God is waiting to receive him. 'Where do you want to go from here?' 'Where there are no Americans,' answers Charles. And is admitted to Paradise beside Charlemagne, who has been waiting for centuries.

Nobody wants him alive. Wilson wishes him dead because De Gaulle stands between him and history. The French workers want him buried because he stands between them and decent wages. The Americans, because unlike the Russians he doesn't talk reason. The Chinese because he is the Mao of the bourgeosie. His prime minister because he wants to replace him before the Left gets the upper hand. His wife, because he is seventy-six, and there's talk about a protege of his in the Ministry of Aviation whose career is rising abnormally quickly.

The King is dying a slow political death. Listen to Mitterand, Mephistopheles of the Left, talking about Gaullism: 'You had a spontaneous consensus of opinion in 1958, a surprise consensus of opinion in 1962, a resigned consensus of opinion in 1965, a consensus with a discount in 1967, and now you are forcing the concensus . . . "

The 'forced consensus' is the small *coup d'etat* which dismisses parliament from now until October by invoking Article 38 of the Constitution. A constitution made by the King, for the King, against the country.

The country he wants to save from the apocalypse of nuclear war which he believes is inevitable. Living in the foggy twilight of his declining years, the History of France as his bible, Machiavelli his abacus, lending a near-deaf ear to the under-privileged millions, shutting his eyes to the dirty work of his courtiers, alone he rules – in the name of French Civilisation. Not that of Voltaire but that of Louis XIV; and like that other general, Napoleon, abusing the French for the glory of France.

Louis XIV made the aristocrats his lackeys. Daily they attended his ritual meal at Versailles. De Gaulle's Versailles are his twice-a-year press conferences. He emerges from the curtain (red except for the last, which was golden for colour televison) and talks of the 'State of the World'.

He is brave, they say. He is taking a stand against the Americans in Vietnam. The G.I.s murder God's children and God's trees and De Gaulle says he would rather they didn't but he wouldn't like to get involved. The Americans pillage Vietnam. He proclaims they are not in the right – but they are still old friends. And the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal had to go to Sweden because De Gaulle didn't want to offend his old friends who err; and doesn't want to upset the Russians who are fighting to the last Vietnamese.

But in foreign embassies mousy officials discuss the latest Viet Cong body count, and casualties of illiterate marines, praising De Gaulle between lunches with hopeful Canadian emissaries and dinners with South Korean diplomats.

He is a great statesman, they say. He doesn't want England to join the self-righteous six – getting fat on American crumbs and cashing in on the repentance of the once socialist Eastern republics. To share the bones of the carcass of the so-called underdeveloped calls for great skill; high politics are involved. De Gaulle's mysticism works better than the verger Wilson's pragmatism.

Summer fat, glossy families go in pilgrimage to Colombey les deux Eglises and buy souvenir leaves from the trees round his villa, for half-a-crown each. The king is adored. The King wants more children for France. Contraceptives are illegal in France. Five hundred thousand back-street abortions are performed each year in France. She who has the money goes to Switzerland – following Voltaire's road to freedom.

Since '59, the year of his resurrection, De Gaulle has been building a pyramidal structure, called the fifth republic, and organised in this way: first comes Pompidou, whose best political sentence is 'De Gaulle makes the decisions, I decide the price of milk.' He is a devout servant to his master, passably stupid; and previously served the Rothschild family. His greatest achievement is to have organized, on behalf of Madame de Gaulle, a philanthropic society for disabled children. Under him are a dozen puppet ministers representing the three hundred families, the Catholic Church and the local squires. Then the army purged of rebellious generals during the Algerian affair, and now, fortunately, politically castrated. Next, the prefects who rule every district of France with almost unlimited power. Under them, the civil servants who make sure everything works smoothly between the political power (ministers and prefects) and the masters of the economy (private capital). The police, a strong arm of paid assassins (Metro Charonne, Feb. 8th, 1962 – nine Parisians shot by police during peaceful demonstration) have a place of their own, a privileged one. After them comes the bourgeosie, wealthy, arrogant, ignorant, catholic and reactionary. Then shop and restaurant owners absorbing the most enterprising of the lower classes and the less capable of the bourgeosie. Finally, in order, the concierges, unpaid police informers, planted in every building; whores, all with the yellow card which entitles them to their profession – and the workers. Intellectuals have a special status, they are generally bribed into the administration or the teaching profession; otherwise they join the parties of the left and live in a condition of virtual exile.

The King's priorities are: '(1) The *force de frappe* – a tiny atom bomb which allows the French the right to be destroyed in their own right and not only because of criminal American foolishness. (2) The French language, which must be preserved against contamination and spread throughout the world to the greater glory of *'La France Eternelle'*. (3) French food and wine, which consumed daily, lull you into a condition of revolting animality, keep the family together (mealtimes) and the poor in their place (cheap wine).

This is the Kingdom of Charles the Tall, where the dogs are asked to piss in the gutter so as not to dirty the pavements where the clochards drink and sleep. Where the girls have Etruscan noses and perfumed cunts, where they dress to show they are respectable, and undress only to make their respectability pay. Where the good go to mass on Sunday and ask God to give them more money. Where villages are run by absentee landlords and administered by the priest and the gendarme. Where television after a stupefying dinner has taken the place of the once ritual fucking. The fields are rich, the peasants poor. Kids dream of England but can't leave the family until they're twenty-one. The police are hated but can arrest you simply for having less than ten francs in your pocket or for not having your identity card on you.

But the Kingdom is rich and strong and free. Charles the Tall, having blackmailed the French Communists into accepting starvation wages in exchange for a meaningless friendship with Mother Russia, having thrown out the American soldier but kept open the door

QUICKLY

to dollar infiltration – like any African general – he launches his first atomic submarine at Cherbourg.

One fine spring day in 1963, his puritanical, shadowy wife, crossing Les Halles in her state car, going from the Elysee to the Galeries Lafayette, noticed on the pavements ladies of easy virtue. She was very upset by the spectacle, and asked Charles to do something about it. Charles called the Paris Prefect and he cleaned up the streets. Now Algerians and others, tongue-tied by language and cock-tied by taboos, linger in front of narrow all-glass doors, looking into expressionistic corridors and up staircases where the girls are lined up, all breasts, high heels and lipstick.

It's still the Paris of the 'thirties, a post-Hemingway cardboard naughtiness loved by foreign girls (English, American, Swedish) who study French at the Alliance and feel happily sordid, what with wine before and bidet after (to wash the baby in? No, to wash it out, Madam).

Charles, like all good kings, is also romantic – when the time calls for it. On his way to Mururoa, the Pacific island where his scientists concoct the French deterrent, he stopped off at Tahiti, and talked to the natives. He told the French Pacific islands were like sleeping beauties, waiting to be awakened by the good technological prince, riding a mushroom cloud and spelling death in French.

And yet miserable and corrupt underdeveloped leaders, who receive third-hand thanks from Russia and fertilizers from the States (or vice versa) look up to him as a symbol of Freedom; forgetting Algeria, forgetting Djbuti, pretending not to know what Castro did and how – or what Che Guevara is doing and why.

Let him die – let him die quickly, and the quicker the better. Let him die so that Mendes France can take over. So that Sartre, and not he will be the best example of what the French can be. So that he will not again insult the people's intelligence at his press conferences. Let him die, firstly and mostly because we want the France of the French revolution, not the France of Napoleon. Because we admire France of the Commune and not the France of the Roi Soleil; because the country which gave freedom to the bourgeosie has become the country where the bourgeoisie is God – and De Gaulle its prophet.

Angelo Quattrocchi

Photo: David Larcher **Changes:** to be published by Peter Whitehead/Lorimer Films

In common with Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin, Dean Martin, 'and a lot of other cats', Norman goes on UFO hunts.
Recently in a field near London, Norman says he was sure *they* were there, but for some reason would not show themselves.
'Maybe they didn't want to frighten us.'
He prayed for a sign. Suddenly, behind him, he heard thud thud thud. It was the sign—a cow shitting. 'And that just goes to show what a weird sense of humour they have,' says Norman, 'they're *so* human.' Norman is a mystic. Like a lot of other cats.
Transcendentalism is in (Even Cliff Richard is joining the C of E.) Sadly, Camus' man, who 'without negating it, does nothing for the eternal, because his courage has taught him he can live without appeal, and his reasoning informed him of his limits', seems extinct.
Perhaps it is because the drug experience has created a whole new area of awe. Certainly the passing of the joint could hardly be less sacramental and the Dark Night of the Soul might well have been a bad trip. Or maybe it's the inevitable reaction to the 'cool' of the times, a response to the force feed of fact knowledge, an antithesis to the credibility gap which withholds our trust from the institutions that pattern our daily lives.
Or it may be as simple as W. S. Gilbert thought, 'You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind. The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And everyone will say
As you walk your mystic way,
If this young man expresses himself in terms deep for me,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be.'
Whatever the causes, the field of contemporary mysticism is fecund. In the following pages four parts of the scene catch our eye; The Process one of the psychiatry oriented religion substitutes; Ying and Yang, a classic Eastern philosophy, like so many others pioneering the West; Ken Andrew suggests there's more to Astrology than the astrologists think; finally there's a set of Tarot cards for you to be your own diviner.
Today's mystics seem muddled, yet reason shakes them hardly at all (and they don't believe in verbal communication.) It is faith itself they want to believe in, the very *act* of believing they affirm.
In this age of Irony, probably not a bad thing.
As Dr. Alex Comfort puts it, 'We've forgotten how to use magic and our subconscious. We don't know how to cope with our emotions whereas the aborigines have a very complex emotional technology.'
'Stonehenge started off as magic—for instance— and ended up with science. We start up with fact and what do we end up with? Nothing but the moon that is no use to anyone.'
'What we need is religion rather than religions—the gods are only shorthand for the gods inside your head—and more contact with ourselves.'

JEHOVAH CHRIST LUCIFER

REVELATIONS EVERY SUNDAY
JEHOVAH 4.00 8.30
CHRIST 2.00 3.30
LUCIFER 4.30 6.00

THE PROCESS

The Process, a sub-species of Scientology, is one of the latest of the innumerable mystic quasi-religions.

After an abortive attempt at Utopia in Nassau, the organisation now maintains properties in Wigmore St and Balfour Place, Mayfair, owns a yacht in Greece, and something of a mystics Club Mediterranée in Xtul, Mexico.

It first made headlines last year when family lawyers flew out to Xtul to rescue one or two rich adherents, and no doubt their inheritances as well, family lawyers being what they are.

Subsequently, *Mind Benders of Mayfair* appeared in the Sunday Telegraph. Litigation continues.

A year later, The Process seems a little more benign than formerly. However, as the founders, the De Grimstons, are still centrally involved, information about the origins and rather disturbing early days still seems pertinent to the present. Hence our double-barrelled approach.

Buried deep in the well ordered streets of Mayfair there is a house of bearded anarchists, intensely debating the immediate destruction of the grey forces (unprocessed humanity), as they chuck wholewheat bread to their skulking Alsatians and sip black coffee to the tune of one and threepence and American Soul.

Do the cool grey ancient streets know they shelter such a turmoil of rebellious youth?

Difficult for them to escape this knowledge. *The Sunday Telegraph* calls them the 'Mindbenders of Mayfair'. They call themselves 'the Process'.[1] Radio London's pop palm is heavily greased to spread the word over the air. The King's Road is all a-flutter with hairy Process hands thrusting magazine and pamphlet at the Saturday shopper. Marianne Faithfull tells all (all?) in the May issue.

Walk through this red brick area of established wealth, up the smug stone steps, and press a beckoning silver tit marked 'rec' (receive, reclaim, recoup, recluse . . .?).

Heavy, P-emblazoned door swings open on to close-carpeted luxury. Beards lurk in the gloom. A battery of eyes glitter as you cross the threshold. Two eyes and a beard behind a monstrous typewriter smacking of the latest word in secretarial electronics, gleam as you fumble for your coins (all twenty-one of them religiously checked): entrance fee for a new life.

Everyone cosily on Christian name terms.

Follow the leader up sweeping flights of stairs. Spotlights. Mahogany. The hush of deep pile carpets – white walls streaking up on every side. Large blobs of abstract paintings and the discreet gurgle of a chromium-plated loo. Slim hipped figures flit through quietly opened doors. Secret.

This door opens – the Communication Course: Man's Relationship to Man. First step in the Process plan for widening the scope of your tiny grey life.

A surgery. The ceiling high enough for all manner of thoughts and germs to mingle above our heads.

Slippery cold parquet floor. Bare. Full of sprawling bodies, yet still bare.

The jumbling bodies are taken in hand. Christopher in charge. Christopher Fripp, old Wykehamist (in common with Robert de Grimston Moor, founder of the Process), ex-chartered accountant – kicking the post-Victorian traces. Power in his blue eyes, bristling beard. The strings are jerked and the puppets move into action. (Meglomaniac?)

Perhaps we want this domination. Otherwise we'd be playing hopscotch in the wet streets outside these curtainless

Notes

1. Mr and Mrs Robert de Grimston, or rather Bob and Mary Ann, as they prefer to be called upon introduction, are the innovators of a hybrid psychological treatment, which they have named 'The Process'.
'The Process was supposedly designed to help people suffering from debilitating neuroses, which prevented them from achieving their full potential. It has been in existence for some two & a half years and has gradually evolved into a quasi-religion, and for the faithful, a way of life.

Mr de Grimston fills the necessary and sscrificial role of a Messiah; his wife appears, with some conviction, as the Queen of the Night, with hints of a Prussian Mary Poppins. 'We do not practise tolerance here', she said.

The de Grimstons claim that their movement, 'is the last hope for mankind', and Bob asserts that his 'message is as valid as that of Jesus Christ.' Unlike the followers of Jesus Christ, the de Grimston's disciples have to pay substantial sums of money in order to receive and fully comprehend the message. An introductory four evenings (2-3 hours) would cost £2.10s. A further 45 evenings, which comprise a 'communication course' (mainly mingling with the initiated) will cost £30. After, or during, the 'communication course', it is advised that the 'Process' course of individual therapy sessions should be started. The discovery of the individual's problems, neuroses, blocks, are aimed at in these sessions. In 'Process' language they are termed goals (by Adler and out of Hubbard). It is considered necessary to undergo at least sixty hours of therapy (at a cost of about £250) in order to discover the patient's chronic, i.e. ever present, goal, and to reach the ultimate goal in the downward progression. This always is an equivalent of death – to be unconscious, to be incapable, to want death. Naturally, having reached rock-bottom, further sessions are recommended, in order that the 'patient' can start travelling hopefully; upwards. By this time, the 'Patient' will be in a state of emotional dependance on his 'therapist' and open to suggestions of all kinds. In qualified practice this state is always induced, in order that the patient should gain insight into his problems. It is called a transference. It is **always** terminated by the psychiatrist, at some stage of treatment, otherwise the patient will remain in a state of dependancy, unable to act of his own will.

Neither of the de Grimstons (or other 'Process' therapists) have any recognized medical or sociological training and qualifications. Their techniques, methods and much of their jargon is derived from L. Ron Hubbard, an American living in England. Hubbard is the founder of a cult known as 'Scientology', and once was a writer of science fiction. This cult, which has thousands of members over the world, has been somewhat discredited. It has been outlawed in certain parts of Australia.

Bob and Mary Ann met at the Hubbard Institute of Scientology in Fitzroy Street. They were both training to be Scientologist

windows. Splattering canvas. Walking the dog. Making love.

Schoolroom chairs are put face to face. Grown children put body to body. Communicate', says the beard.

A babel of voices. And the sound rises and settles in layers, like Neapolitan ice cream, starting at the ornate ceiling, working down to the top of the unwashed heads. Into the brain. Did you know there are layers of sound, generated by *you*, pressing down on your skull? You with the typist's glasses and painter's hands – you, with the suburban mouth and cuban heels – you, spotty, with the schoolgirl hysteria bubbling below the surface of your hippy gear?

Here we are. Slumped in solid concentration over one another. Eyeball to eyeball, knee to knee. Exercise one in Communication. Exercises to help us overcome our aggressions, repressions, hostilities, withdrawals, to help us become controlled and intense and aware – and who knows what this newfound, now heightened, awareness might lead to?[2] The gods they say. And who can resist that?

You can reach God. *The* God. Or rather, for those who might bridle under the implications of the term: a singular deity. You can reach *Him* in three expensive months with the Process.

You must communicate. Thirty times. Under the roof of No. 2 Balfour Place. At a guinea for three hours of exercise, lecture and knees up (which is a sort of raucous fling to unheard music intended to release all possible inhibitions – it succeeded in totally inhibiting me, quite a feat since dancing is usually a release).

Lectures come after the coffee break, when participators repair to the underground coffee bar to trip over cowering black dogs and indulge in some free for all questioning over beige coffee slurping in transparent cups. Don't imagine though that you'll get much precision out of any ruthless interrogation of the inmates. There will be nervous plucking of downy baby beards and noises in the throat, but in the end they will slide away into the peaceful harbour of their own reality'– matching trousers, matching dogs, matching minds. Intellectual argument is airily dispensed with because it is not on their side.

So. Communication, coffee, lectures: we're back upstairs in our luxury cell. It's silence and concentration again. But not by ourselves any more (how delicious to swim so guiltlessly in self-analysis for so long with so many). *No.* Now we sit round in these shitty uncomfortable chairs and gaze into the ever-moving mud-brown eyes of Christopher de Payer. Founder member of the Process – caught by ex-scientologists Bob and Mary de Grimston Moor (they've dropped the Moor now – for the sake of

I BRING YOU WAR, WAR AS YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN IT, KILLING AS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN IT, DESTRUCTION AS YOU HAVE NEVER FELT IT, DEVASTATION AS YOU HAVE NEVER IMAGINED IT

their simpler disciples?) in pre-Nassau, pre-Mexico days.

The Communication Course lectures serve as a tintillation for your eventual entry to the Advanced Course.

It all begins with the subconscious: that seven-eighths of your mind that seethes [3] below your consciousness. Want to cross the road in peace? Yeah. Oh no you don't – you really want to destroy yourself – see that lorry belting down the road at the same time as you are crossing it, with the driver tripping out on LSD – he runs you over there; you lie in a crumpled heap but you wanted it man – that's why you crossed the road in the first place . . .

When you've swallowed all that, after thirty communication classes, five 'Circles' (we'll get to them in a minute) and I don't know how many Sessions, then . . then . . you are ready for God.

However, along the way you must be prepared to get some grounding in the facts about that dual charmer Jehovah/Lucifer. He's an elevated Being to whom the Process owe their mission to destroy the world. Jehovah is the white side. Lucifer the black. Hitler is a good example of a Luciferian figure, but he was okay because he wasn't grey and killed the Jews who were and who wanted to be killed anyway. Subconsciously. Of course. Process example of a conveniently mass subconscious drive for destruction.

Through this great mess of heightened awareness that the Process moves in & breathes like oxygen, they have found themselves a direct link with Jehovah. You might wonder about the sense of purposelessness amidst all this grooving intensity – that's basically because Jehovah has not yet told them exactly what to do to get their mission over to the masses.

The faction is divided – more than once it seems – first of all there's the desire to tell humanity about this divine revelation, then there's this anti-grey masses scene which means no one is actually very keen on mingling with the 'greys' in order to put across the message. Thus a Process magazine is born. A lovely, remote way of making the word Process known – just pay your thousands and have it printed on glossy paper, without actually having to touch the outsiders yourself. Then you sit and wait for the right ones to come pouring in: all those Gurdgieff initiated meditating hippies whose subconscious draws them to pinstripe hiphuggers and clingyknit black polo shirts.

'auditors': in the jargon of this movement an auditor corresponds to a therapist.
Bob and Mary Ann were attracted to each other, found that they had much in common and married. They left the Hubbard Institute after a few months and decided to seek, then spread, the 'Truth' together. Their personalities and temperaments are fantastically complementary. It is doubtful if one of them would have any impact operating alone. They are like a uniquely united Tweedle brothers, facing the world together, with their strange assortment of weapons.

Robert de Grimston is thirty years old. He is over six foot tall, powerfully built, has medium-pale blue eyes, very well cut blonde hair and sports an equally well cut beard. Despite his height and girth, his physical presence is not aggressive. He is a sharp dresser (pale blue leather pants) and at a meeting in the Oxford town hall, an exuberant young man sitting at the back, hailed him as 'the Christ of Carnaby Street . . . by heaven.' He was educated at Winchester, but shows few traces of the academic proficiency nurtured in most of its sons. He joined the army on a short-term commission and spent some of this time in Malaya. When he left the army he did some preliminary architectural training at the Regent Street polytechnic. He has always been interested in psychology – and its applied techniques – and found his main influence in the work of Adler.

His wife, Mary Ann, is thirty-six years old. She wears little make-up, except to colour her long fingernails silver, sometimes she draws her wiry-looking copper coloured hair into a bun. She dresses in pale colours, oatmeal sweaters and skirts, consciously restrained and if Mrs Dale's Diary was a television serial, Jenny Dale, the ex-actress, would be clothed in much the same way. She has an aggressive personality and the ability to project it forcefully. She appears to be the tough one of the team and certainly possesses the courage to carry out her convictions. Mary Ann received little formal education. She was brought up by foster-parents just outside Glasgow. She missed a lot of schooling, as she was required to nurse her foster-mother, who died when Mary Ann was 13½. Her foster-father re-married almost immediately and Mary Ann was wanted no longer. For a time she was passed from one family to another but was never offered a permanent home. While she was still in her 'teens she came to London and found work as a waitress. She wanted to broaden her knowledge and displayed considerable initiative by taking various courses in pseudo-sciences. She found these advertised in magazines: they included — numerology, hypnosis, palmistry, spiritualism, occultism, yoga, reading the future in tea-cups, modelling in Mayfair, anatomy and physiology in Bayswater. Finally she became interested in 'Scientology', but did not completely agree with some aspects in it. This led to the forming of the 'Process' with her husband. She also found time to become a partner in a dry cleaning firm, and said she had 'acquired a few shares – here and there.'

2. There are two, equally important, aims to be achieved in the 'Process'. They are:
(a) the need to convert, through 'Process' therapy.
(b) the need to convert, by using religious and metaphysical methods.
These two aims must function interdependently in order to be efficacious. The religious side of the 'Process' is culled from a hotch-potch of religions and incorporates the concepts

There is a feeling of unrest in Balfour Place today. Expand, expand the message goes . . . publish the magazine, put up circulation get more *into* the Process, more money, use that money & Hugh's inheritance money & entrance fee money & magazine money & lecture money to buy that £25,000 boat in Greece so the twenty or so chosen ones can hold hands and cross the seas in comfort between the £120 weekly London residence, the Grecian hang-out and Mexico.

But Jehovah hasn't been too explicit lately. The last message – save the world – was abandoned after Nassau because this rotten grey world is anti-salvation Process style. So now the Light and the Truth is that Jehovah's cycle of rejection by humanity is over. Now he goes up, and unless you go with him (synonymous with becoming a member of the Process) you've goofed completely because they'll be there wielding their hatchets.

The communication scene is fine. It's groovy to sit around knocking knees with a lot of people.whose minds are tuned in to what your mind is tuned in to, whose bodies are nice and skinny and who have a few Redding/Dylan/Hendrix records about the place.

The second stage in the Process, the Circle meditation is, I am told by my dedicatedly meditative friends, kid's stuff compared to the real thing. This I can appreciate as the circle more resembles after-dinner junked-up telepathic games that the deep psychological trance induced by solitary meditation. But then games are amusing. And if you can afford your fun at 10/6 a time and you like to vibrate a little, this could replace the telly in your life.

Lights out. The communicating arena turns into an unlit temple of concentration. Chairs form a shadowy circle; linked hands conduct the indefinable currents; yellow-haired babyfaced Johnny takes control and silence covers the jiggling dances of a dozen subconscious minds.

Don't feel guilty the first time around when experienced circlers start spewing out their lurid hallucinations:

Well, first of all, Johnny, I get these two lions, weaving backwards and forwards in front of a great gaping hole, like a cave, menacing . . .

What did this mean to you Ken? They were a threat, right?

Yeh. Well I got them coming very strongly from Ian's direction. I guess it has something to do with the feelings of hostility (favourite word) that I pick up from Ian.

Ian, does this have any reality for you?

Pulls fluffy beard and looks knowing: Yeh, this is real to me, Johnny. I had a couple of strong aggressions take over about half-way through.

"Therefore do I now prophesy. I no longer command. Instead I prophesy, and My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats upon its ruined surface is: "Thou shalt kill".

But don't worry if you didn't get any quivering tarmac roads or broken eggs or orange-striped end of the world kaleidoscopes for the group to interpret for you. They'll come out and hit you the next time round.

Once you get the name of the game.

Then there's psychometry.

Johnny baby cools the meditation with a deep belly 'thanks' to the deep-breathing deeply sensitive deeply relaxed circle of bodies that he has so manfully welded into one beautiful unit of awareness. Flips us around a bit so that not everyone is sitting next to the same person (in the cause of purity, celibacy, singlemindedness?), and directs the exchange of personal objects: rings, watches, medallions . . . anything that has been soaking up your body heat long enough to transmit your intimate vibrations. Wow!

Like you give him that jelly baby you keep slung between your breasts and he says I get this feeling of sweet heat from you, doll . . .

After five Circles you can have a Session, if you dare.

These are conducted in an atmosphere of hushed secrecy by those sinister members of the Process whose bosoms swell with the comforting knowledge of their cosy bi-monthly chats with Jehovah.

Sit with this impressive Being, 'Therapist' is the god-given title, in a pitch dark room. Don't think. Don't speak. Any verbal communication is out. Your subconscious takes over and spills all the necessary beans about the murky workings of your inner self in its own inimitable language.

Your therapist will give you the answers straight from below the belt. Interpret them as you will. After all, you might as well be given some pleasure for that money you've spilt into the Process coffers. But if you find that idea unnerving, just don't hang around long enough for them to make you believe they can do a Session on you when you're not there. It's more than spooky to feel you are having your subconscious burgled while your body is quietly bopping somewhere miles away.

So. Until Session time, the scene remains pleasantly, harmlessly, self-indulgent. The process is a tingling little womb waiting for all those battered, bleeding rich bodies who want to crawl back, out of the cold grey world.

Let them move on, to Lucifer, subconscious manipulation, and a violently destructive God, then – because of their lack of direction and proper psychiatric training – the Process 'therapists' are floundering in waters too deep for them. There is a serious danger of their damaging the psyches of the more vulnerable of their followers, beyond repair. **Danaë**

of free-will, reincarnation, pre-destination A Deity, a possible trinity, Buddism, Hinduism, spiritualism, *et alia*. They believe that man, rather than being made in the image of God, has the same identity as God. To them, God is a TOTALITY, a Being both good and evil. (Apparently a composite of Himself and Satan.) De Grimston states that 'mankind is heading for destruction', and he was 'sent to instruct'. When he was questioned as to whether he believed himself to be the Son of God, he did not at first reply; a few minutes later he agreed with his wife that the description of 'Evangelist' would be more suitable; and less restricting.

There appears to be an immense plasticity in the religious area of the 'Process', perhaps in order to embrace all-comers. There will be something familiar and useful for everybody: like Macy's bargain basement.

Confusingly enough, the plasticity and apparent tolerance disappear in practice. A sort of Victorian teacher-pupil form of authoritarianism is displayed. Followers are scarcely allowed to question current 'Process' procedures, let alone deviate from them. The de Grimstones heve a very stern interpretation of the concept of free will. It does not stop at the accepted Christian, or Behaviourist understanding which is the belief that each individual is granted the freedom of choice between good and evil. The 'Process' understanding of this is really non-existent as their approach is basically Calvinistic and incorporates Calvin's ideas on pre-destination. The 'Process' believes that the individual is totally responsible for his own (usually miserable) condition. They believe that the individual is totally responsible for his subconscious motivations and actions. These beliefs are extended to a point where they alleged, at a public meeting, that a child born with a hereditary disease (e.g. congenital syphilis) had chosen to be born in this condition and that it was the responsibility of the child. This is clearly regressive thinking and can become a form of extremism leading to the abuse and persecution of the individual; particularly the innocent and vulnerable. For instance Mary Ann said that, 'all the Jews in Hitler's Germeny walked into the gas ovens because they chose to do so.'

The *raison d'etre* given for the 'Process' is that it can cure the individual of his necessarily self-inflicted neuroses end disabilities. It can also provide him with a hitherto unsuspected religious awareness. The de Grimstons claim that nobody can achieve the state of physical end spiritual well-being aimed at, without doing a course of 'Process' sessions. This proposition activates the aim to convert through therapy, and of course brings in money. The de Grimstons appear to be supremely confident of their ability to achieve success with everyone they treat. 'Process' sessions are a much more gruelling ordeal then those usually endured by patients treated by a qualified psychiatrist or analyst. Since none of the 'Process' therapists have medical training, they cannot possibly assess the true psychological state of a person, which all too often may appear deceptively rational and balanced. Only a specialist training can detect the signs which show that an apparently

MEANWHILE... LIFE CONTINUES AS NORMAL

UNTIL

... In which the Grey Forces suffer a temporary setback...

jolly man may be a manic depressive, who can be plunged into self-destruction if subjected to the wrong pressures. A 'Process' patient is allowed to book his block of six sessions in the way he wants to. He is even allowed to book a six-hour session, to run consecutively. Mary Ann said, 'We let the patient go at the speed *he* chooses.'
When questioned several times on the advisability on this undoubted 'blitzkrieg' upon the psyche, the de Grimstons gave repeated assurances that they had never had a case they were unable to handle. When asked what they would do if a deeply disturbed patient came to them for help (e.g. schizoid, melancholic, psychotic, paranoic) they stated most firmly that this situation had never arisen, but that when it did they would know what to do.

3. When dredging the subconscious, highly unpleasant and unsuspected aspects of the personality will surface, and cause intense pain to the patient. Few people can digest too much disgust and disenchantment – *en bloc* – without being damaged, sometimes crippled.

The techniques used by a 'Process' therapist, or a Scientologist, are curiously analogous to those of brainwashing. Brainwashing is achieved through a series of intellectual, emotional, environmental and occasionally, haphazard machinations.

The questions start off beguilingly enough at the beginning but soon enough the guilt which exists already in each human is played upon, and maintained, now, sometimes utterly false guilt is induced, through group pressures, and believed in confusion, all past values are destroyed, the future holds nothing without conformation, and worry is a waking and dozing condition.

The following questions and answers are taken from the notebook of a very young boy, during his first few months at the 'Process'. Luckily, he has an extremely resilient personality, even for youth; it is a sort of 'supaball' radiation that he emanates. He is wilful, but aware of it. He is frivolous, which naturally implies that he is an extremely serious person. He has an orderly but extremely curious brain, a strong sense of humour. Most important of all he likes people and is kind by nature.

Q. What would happen if you rejected the Process?

A. To be out of control
to be schizoid
to be completely emotional
to fall
to be quite schizoid
to sink.

Q. What would happen if you accepted the Process

A. To possess me
To be totally committed
To be warm
I'd know
To be safe
To be strong
To be untouchable

The questions above, and those which follow pose two utterly false sorts of possibilities – for this boy here – but this sort of Through the Looking Glass alternative is commonplace.

Q. Not to accept Mary Ann?

A. To be a black hideous being
To be quite deed.
To go down to hell.
To be the devil.
To be crucified.
To have my heart cut out.
To throw away my body.
To destroy Christ.

Q. To accept Mary Ann?

A. To communicate her light
To understand Christ.
To comprehend all.
To have chosen.
To project love.
To show up the devil.

SIX QUESTION PROBLEM CYCLE

Sylvie (a girl he had been in love with)

Q. What have I done to her?

A. Burnt her as a witch
Given her my guilt.
Made her my excuse.
Made her my God.
Left her alone.
Destroyed her friends.
Killed her parents.

Q. What I have failed to do
Worship her
Give her reality.
Have sex.
Stay uncommitted.
Got engaged.
Be faithful.

Q. What Sylvie could do to me

A. Be a Mary Anne to me
Take Mary Anne's place in my life.
Give me life.
Smell my house out.
Be a torment.
Suggest escapes.
Send me right up.
Say No.

Q. What Sylvie could fail in

A. Be real
Be with me.
Stop me going to sleep.
Be alive.
Be warm.
Be burnt.
Be destructive.
Exist.

Q. What Sylvie could make me do

A. Be extreme
Worship Mary Anne.
Run away from the 'Process'.
Have sex.
Make or break.

Q. What Sylvie could prevent

A. Getting stuck into the 'Process'
Being explosive.
Being in fear.
Being la-de-da.

Q. What are you here to achieve?

A. To be total
To be a therapist.
To be out of control.
To destroy myself.
To love.
To be an evangelist.

Q. How are you trying to be total?

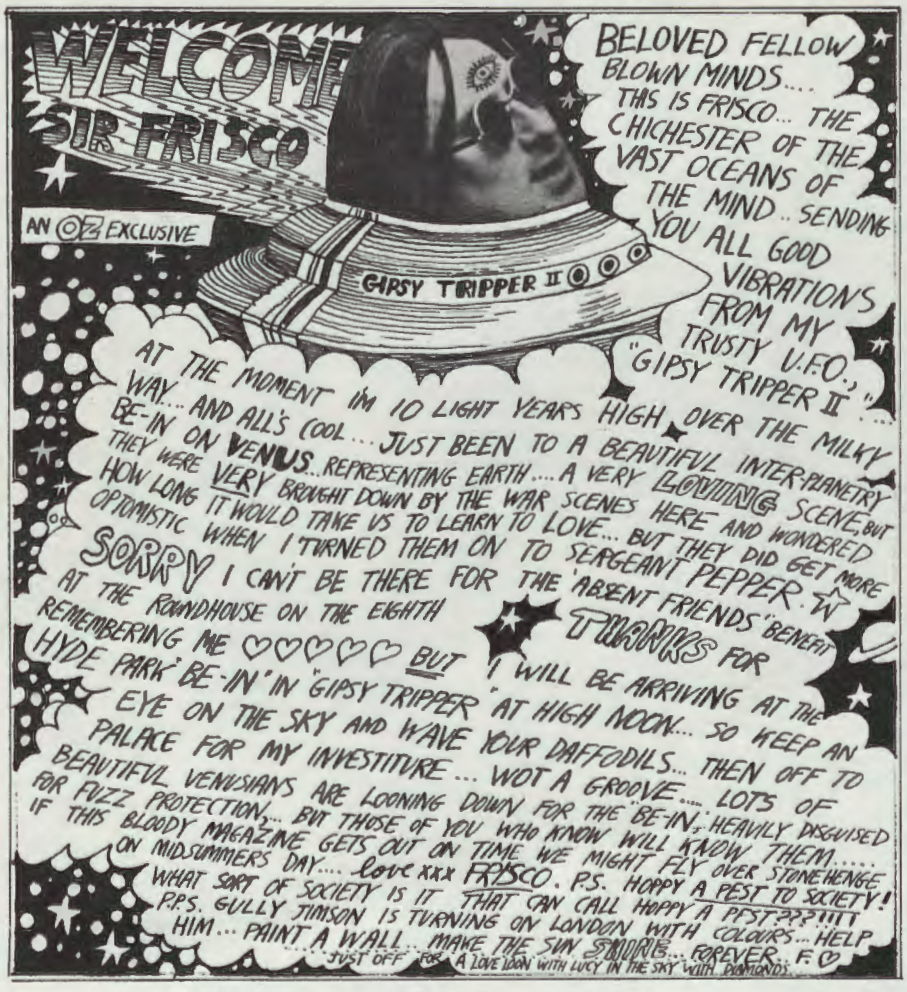
A. By feeling every feeling
By embracing past lives.
By compassion.
By giving everything.

Q. Criterion of Progress? Show?

A. I'd be worth slandering
I'd go fascist.
I'd stop being schizoid.
I'd make sense.
I'd understand.
I'd be clearcut.
I'd be el Cordobes.
I'd be Hitler.

It should be clear that the 'Process' and Scientology, from which it stems, possess all the characteristics found in an authoritarian regime. They demand complete dedication and unswerving obedience from their followers. They punish deviators by ostracism, ridicule and expulsion. They are positively anti-intellectual, though many of their theories appear to be gained from the written word, this is seldom acknowledged. They use a fabricated jargon to bolster their dogmas and to weaken the accepted meaning of the language: it also helps to preserve a sense of mystery and exclusiveness. They KNOW that they **alone** are 'The Truth'. Their techniques bear an uncanny resemblance to the highly sophisticated and effective brainwashing methods used in China today; robbing the individual of his freedom in all things and reducing him to a near zombie-like state of subjection.

Henrietta Moraes


WELCOME SIR FRISCO
AN OZ EXCLUSIVE
GIPSY TRIPPER II
BELOVED FELLOW BLOWN MINDS.... THIS IS FRISCO... THE CHICHESTER OF THE VAST OCEANS OF THE MIND.. SENDING YOU ALL GOOD VIBRATIONS FROM MY TRUSTY U.F.O. "GIPSY TRIPPER II"....
AT THE MOMENT I'M 10 LIGHT YEARS HIGH OVER THE MILKY WAY... AND ALL'S COOL... JUST BEEN TO A BEAUTIFUL INTER-PLANETRY BE-IN ON VENUS... REPRESENTING EARTH.... A VERY LOVING SCENE, BUT THEY WERE VERY BROUGHT DOWN BY THE WAR SCENES HERE AND WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE US TO LEARN TO LOVE... BUT THEY DID GET MORE OPTIMISTIC WHEN I TURNED THEM ON TO SERGEANT PEPPER.. SORRY I CAN'T BE THERE FOR THE 'ABSENT FRIENDS' BENEFIT AT THE ROUNDHOUSE ON THE EIGHTH REMEMBERING ME ♡♡♡♡♡ BUT I WILL BE ARRIVING AT THE HYDE PARK 'BE-IN' IN 'GIPSY TRIPPER' AT HIGH NOON... SO KEEP AN EYE ON THE SKY AND WAVE YOUR DAFFODILS... THEN OFF TO PALACE FOR MY INVESTITURE... WOT A GROOVE.... LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL VENUSIANS ARE LOONING DOWN FOR THE 'BE-IN', HEAVILY DISGUISED FOR FUZZ PROTECTION... BUT THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW WILL KNOW THEM..... IF THIS BLOODY MAGAZINE GETS OUT ON TIME WE MIGHT FLY OVER STONEHENGE ON MIDSUMMERS DAY.... LOVE XXX FRISCO. P.S. HOPPY A PEST TO SOCIETY! WHAT SORT OF SOCIETY IS IT THAT CAN CALL HOPPY A PEST??!!!! P.P.S. GULLY JIMSON IS TURNING ON LONDON WITH COLOURS... HELP HIM... PAINT A WALL... MAKE THE SUN SHINE... FOREVER.. F.
THANKS FOR
JUST OFF FOR A LOVE LOAN WITH LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Yin and Yang
is a dialectical method of classifying all things, a means of grouping into two antagonistic yet complementary categories everything in the Universe and the Universe itself.
Yin and Yang,
Negative and Positive forces,
are as indispensable to each other as man to woman. They are the two fundamental and opposite factors that create and destroy in an endless cycle, all that exists. The Yin-Yang theory is a revolutionary theory, in which Yin represents the reactionary force and Yang the inevitably following revolutionary forces.
Out of the infinite pure expansion,
out of the ecstasy of the Universe and the human body,
out of every atom or plant or orgone
Yin and Yang are produced infinitely.
Yin is dark, cold, wet, negatively charged (the electron) feminine and at the violet end of the spectrum. Yang is bright, hot dry, positively charged (the proton), and masculine. Yang is Red.
All things and phenomena are composed of Yin and Yang in different proportions; nothing can ever be completely Yin or completely Yang, all is relative.
Yin produces Yang,
Yang in the extreme produces Yin.
Thus a very Yang hot, dry sunshiny day will produce a very Yin cool electric hailstorm. A living thing which is Yin will produce Yang. Thus if a person is sick, cold, tired, inactive, negative in outlook he becomes well by producing heat (Yang) in the form of fever that activates a new revolution in the wheel of life.
When a living thing fails to do this it dies.
Direct experience of infinite pure expansion occurs in sex and eating.
Like charges attract,
unlike repel.
Orgasm occurs when the positive and negative charges of man and woman unite and the cycle of death and rebirth is made. If a man is excessively Yang he will become
cruel and destructive
and have difficulty achieving a truly refreshing orgasm. His excess of Yang can turn into excess of Yin and he may become impotent, and

unhappy, losing his appetite for sex, food and oxygen. A woman who becomes too Yin cannot be readily loved.
She is cold,
anti-social, and suspicious.
Perhaps she will be very mystical.
Eating presents the opportunity for man and woman to affect the Yin-Yang nature of their mindbodies.
Cereal foods, the staple diet of all vital civilizations, do not produce disruptive imbalances towards Yin or Yang. They encourage the continuous rejuvenation of the total being, that process by which the cells and corpuscles and nerve-endings are forever dying and being reborn.
Animal foods are Yang.
They can produce a dependency in their user as they displace the functions of the user's body. Thus eating a lot of meat provides the Yang qualities of heat and activity but may lead to a weakening of the heart and other organs that would otherwise do the job.
Sugar, fruits, and alcohol are Yin foods. They inhibit the flow of nervous energy as well as the renewal of cell-tissue. They are often addictive and the user feels he can't go on without them.
Money and political power are Yin and are the weapons of a Yin society. Imperialism occurs when a nation has become too weak to keep itself and must prey on other nations for raw materials and labour to maintain its own existence. A dependency is established and the imperial nation as a whole becomes more and more Yin as it allows its social work functions to be taken up by another nation, its colony.
When cancer strikes an organism it manifests as large mutated cancer cells parasitic on the body's healthy cells. Eventually either the healthy cells purge themselves of the cancerous influence or become themselves cancer cells.
At a certain point there aren't enough healthy cells to feed the cancer cells and the body dies.
Either Yin Imperialism will devour the rest of the human social organism or a very strong Yang force will be produced to initiate a new cycle.
There has been no true revolution in Western Society for a long time.
This necessary rejuvenating process has been delayed by Industrial, Technological, Atomic, Police, and other 'revolutions'.
The extent of Western Yin is serious.
World Yang is preparing for global intercourse that must succeed or be faced with an even greater frigid Yin reaction.
IMMUNITY to what **REICH** calls the Emotional Plague (Yin cancer) is temporarily obtained with LSD.
Permanent immunity requires that continuous conscious application of Ying-Yang judgment in place of suicidal subconscious compulsive judgment; by stretching or dancing when one is bored or tired instead of eating pep pills and sweets, by moving in contact with other bodies when it is cold instead of eating meat,
in short by staying in a permanent state of revolution.
Without revolution there can only be reaction, fear, stagnation and the weak vampirizing the strong on every level.
The bigger the difficulty the bigger the happiness.

Craig Sams

TwinkleTwinkle

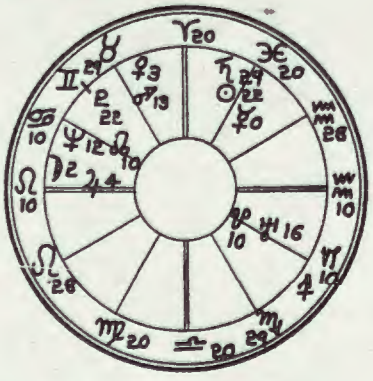
by courtesy of the
Vlastivedne Museum
Czechoslovakia

Although it has been quite impossible to actually prove one single tenet, Astrology is a branch of the occult sciences hard to entirely dismiss.

With the decline of religion and the hegemony of science, our time seems to demand a form of knowledge or teaching which claims infallibility through faith, as Christianity has done previously, and which has suff.cient content to be not too easy to grasp lest naivete be implied. The new discipline ought neither be too provable scientifically at the cost of its mystery and infinite possibility.

Astrology seems to be satisfying this urge to the spiritual in us, a real human need often misunderstood or dismissed as neurosis, totem, or leftover from a primitive past. Rank scepticism seems to have given way to rabid reading of Astra Nova.

There have been sufficient 'co-incidences' to suggest that Astrology works though not necessarily the astrology of the daily Your Stars column.



Initially, any sort of prognostication, any determination of the future depends on the notion of an entirely rational universe which sufficient evidence will expose in its entirety. But this presumes that what there is to be known will be an extension of what we already know, and will take place on the terms and level which we currently accept.

Which has almost never been so. The war so terrible as to produce a lasting peace has recurred with depressing regularity in history.

The second premise necessary to astrology hinges round the idea of the solar system as an orderly system which interacting forces or streams of energy hold together and in which each body in the system has a mutual effect on each other. Of course, Newton thought so. Though the principle of gravity he posited is not now thought so explanatory. But there is a strong possibility that the nature of the energy, for instance, which the moon exerts on the earth is electro-magnetic in character. Thus the overlapping of the magnetic fields creates the tides.

Our difficulty comes when the principle is applied to human beings. It is necessary to understand man as a smaller cosmos repeating on a small scale the same system of energies contained in the solar system, the receiving and communicating apparatus being the nervous system, which in its turn alerts and connects up with the glands system. The glands, of course, containing the energies which when released produce the various manifestations of characteristics which make up a person.

If one makes a spiral, taking the Solar plexus as starting point, the distance of the various glands from each other, following the path of the spiral, tallies very closely with that of the corresponding planets from the sun, apparently obeying Bodes' Law, which states that each planet is twice as far from the sun as the preceding one.

Therefore, the Moon corresponds with the thymus which has to do with early growth, maternal instinct. Venus is equivalent to the flesh covering the body and certain harmonious emotions corresponding with the parathyroids.

Mercury, which has to do with movement, muscle control, speed of reaction corresponds with the thyroids. Mars to do with fight and flight corresponds with the adrenal glands.

Jupiter corresponds to the Posterior pituitary, indicating emotional stability, expansive outgoing emotions and the muscular structure. Saturn corresponds to the Anterior pituitary gland, which controls the bone structure and is connected with the depth of thought and emotion.

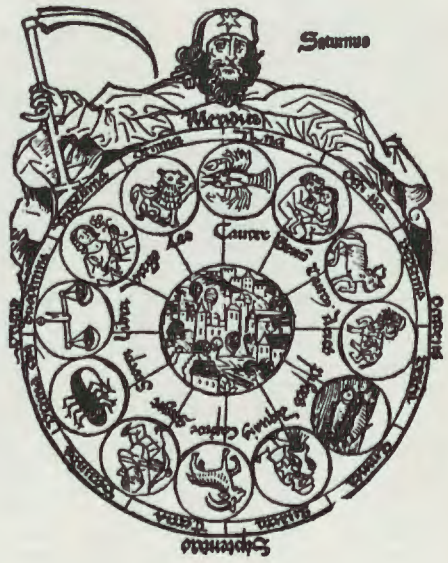
Uranus which takes 84 years to make a complete orbit of the star system must be considered the last planet to have a relevance to human life as a whole, corresponding with a human life span. Which would seem to apply to the Gonads, the glands containing the most highly evolved energy normally produced by a human being and possessing all that is necessary for a new life.

For a more complete understanding of the real implications of Astrology it helps to think of the solar system as a highly involved series of spirals interwoven and moving through space with the sun as the spindle.

The solar system then takes on the aspect of a poly-phase transformer, the paths of the planets forming ever widening coils which transform different manifestations of energy at ever increasing speeds, which akin to electricity, act on the glands and thus determine our actions.

It is in the slight preponderance of the sensitivity of one gland over another that the basis of the idea of different types of man lies.

Thus there are basically six types, corresponding to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury and the Moon.



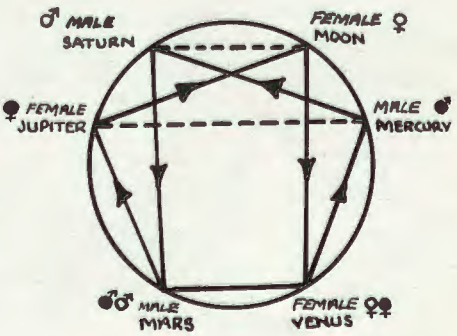
Rodney Collin in *Theory of Eternal Life*, borrowing the ideagram invented by Gurjieff, suggested a plan by which each type led or modified the previous one, which also had an opposite of maximum attraction and repulsion.

There is some doubt that people really are distinctive types; however, the theory has the advantage that it ties in exactly with the tenets of traditional astrology. The only question left is that of the Zodiacal signs. These are defined by virtue of the fact that there are groups of stars which form an almost exact circle around the solar system and which, it is supposed, feed energies of differing character into the solar system via the sun, which does the same for the planets.

The above suggests a way in which astrology may work, but to really be able to predict a person's future one would have to know many other things besides the day they were born, hereditary conditions, climatic and social surroundings and childhood to name a few.

Further reading: *A New Model Universe.* Ouspensky.

Ken Andrew.



♂ AQUARIUS +, AIR
CAPRICORN −, EARTH
♀ PISCES −, WATER
SAGGITARIUS +, FIRE
♂♂ ARIES +, FIRE
SCORPIO −, WATER

♀ CANCER −, WATER
LEO +, FIRE
♂ GEMINI +, AIR
VIRGO −, EARTH
♀♀ TAURUS −, EARTH
LIBRA +, AIR

Egypt Tarot predicted an Israeli victory. Avoid your disaster...

Results depend on the clearness of the questions. For instance "Will I be happy?" is a very wide and general question. Better still is to ask, for instance, "How will the picnic tomorrow be for me?"

An important point that needs to be stated clearly in the questions is the Time factor. Is the question short term or long term? Ask the question as clearly as possible. If necessary ask the question more than once, changing the time element from shorter to longer term.

Do not limit yourself to the meanings given on the outline. They are general, and under the special circumstances of a divination, may be altered. Say what comes to you.

It is better to learn the meanings of the cards than write the meanings on them. Better for yourself; more impressive for the seeker. By learning the meanings of three cards a day, you learn the whole pack in a week.

Method

The 22 cards are shuffled and the seeker asks the cards the question while shuffling (they need not say the question aloud if they do not want to). The seeker cuts asking the question again as he or she does so. The interpreter puts out the first four cards like this:

A
D B
C

The numbers at the top of the cards are now added together. If the total comes to more than 21, for instance 33, the two figures in the total are added together, i.e. 3+3=6. This number gives the number of the card which is to be placed in the centre of the star. If it already appears in the star, it has to be visualised as being in both places at once.

Make a special note of the fact that the joker or Fool, which is un-numbered, is for the purposes of the draw No. 22.

The Reading

The centre card is the most important and sets the tone of the whole answer. Card A is directly related to it and affects it. Card B is more remote or possibly happens later in time. Card C follows B. Card D follows C.

It is now the duty of the interpreter to examine the meanings of the five cards in the cross in accordance with the list of meanings given in this book and to inform the seeker what the cards foretell. It is therefore essential for the interpreter to study the meanings of the Major Arcana very thoroughly and in particular the way in which the presence of one card next to another influences or modifies the meaning of the two combined. For example, if Temperance is followed by the Hanged Man the two cards together mean that the seeker will be faced by some indecision in the matter which is in his mind and that this indecision has been caused by the hypocrisy or double-dealing of some other person. Death followed by the Hanged Man signifies that someone known to the seeker will die with unpleasant consequences for the seeker; for example, the seeker might be expecting to inherit a large sum of money under the will of the deceased, whereas he would, in fact, inherit little or nothing, or there might be some unpleasant condition attached to his inheritance by the legator.

(b) Your Dearest Wish

The seeker should shuffle and cut the pack with his right hand, and the interpreter will then turn up a card which represents the fate of the seeker's wish. Then place from the right two cards on either side of it—

E D A C B

These flanking cards will represent the factors affecting the achievement or end of your wish.

B and C represent factors of influence by people, possibly relations, associates or friends.

D and E are events or material influences which work on the wish.

B and E taken together represent influences further away in time from the wish. If the wish appears likely to be granted, then these outside cards will indicate the factors controlling how long it will be before the wish is successful. If the wish appears to be lost, then the outside cards can again help to gauge the time element as to whether there is a chance of it being granted at some time in the future.

D and C taken together represent the significance of the wish to the person who asks. In cases where it is not clear whether the wish card is positive or negative, these two cards on either side will determine the result by an assessment of the elements involved. They can also often be a give-away to the nature of the wish itself—will it bring happiness or satisfaction?

Card Numbers

The wish fulfilled: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 19, 21.

The wish not granted: 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18; and **Inverted** 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 21; and the Fool either way.

Fulfilled, but delayed: **Inverted** 3, 10, 19.

Delayed and uncertain: 7, 8, 10, 14, 17, 20.

Unlikely, but just possible subject to having long delay: **Inverted,** 9, 13, 17, 20.

(c) Seeing the Year Ahead

1. Take out the cards representing the 12 astrological signs of the Zodiac.
2. Shuffle them and lay them face downwards on the table.
3. Ask the seeker to shuffle the remainder of the cards and to cut them to the left with his right hand. Then to replace the bottom stack on the top.
4. Deal the remaining ten cards face down on to end of the astrological signs of the Zodiac, starting from the right. Two cards will remain unpaired.
5. Turn up the Zodiac pack and sort into chronological order starting with the month ahead on the right, the others ranging to the left.
   Read the significance of each month according to the meaning of its sister card bearing in mind its normal value when placed alongside each month.
6. Place on one side the two single cards. When you have finished reading the ten other months collect up the ten astrological cards and shuffle them.
7. Repeat the request to the seeker to shuffle and cut.
8. Deal five cards on each of the two remaining months (as they will be the most significant in the year ahead).
9. Set out the cards in a line with the card of the month on the right. Read across the line starting from the right.

(d) Asking a Private Question

1. Before beginning, be sure that the seeker has formulated his question. Explain to him that all questions come under four major headings:
   (a) Work, business, etc.
   (b) Love, marriage or pleasure.
   (c) Trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc.
   (d) Money, goods or such purely material matters.
   Be careful that the seeker does not tell you his question or its nature before you begin.
2. Make your mind as passive as possible while you are shuffling and lay out the cards. Do not try to guess, go by what the cards suggest to you.
3. Shuffle the cards.
4. Hand them to the seeker and ask him to think of the question attentively that he wishes to put to the cards, and cut the cards with his left hand. He should then restore the cards, i.e. put the previous bottom stack uppermost.
5. Cut the pack with the left hand and place the top half to the left.
6. Cut each of these packs to the left.
7. Find the birth card. If in the right-hand pack the question refers to work, enterprise, ideas, etc. If in the next, marriage, love or pleasure. If in the third to trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc., and if in the left-hand pack to money, foods, purely material matters.
8. Tell the seeker what he has come for, i.e. from the position of his astrological birth card, declare the general nature of the question. If wrong, abandon the divination. Do not resume the attempt within two hours.
9. If right, spread out the pack containing the birth card arranging the cards in a half circle, make a consequential story of these cards.
10. For additional information pair the cards on either side of the birth card.

The order of the 12 signs of the Zodiac is:

1. Aries	4 The Emperor
2. Taurus	5 The Pope
3. Gemini	6 The Lovers
4. Cancer	7 The Chariot
5. Leo	11 Force
6. Virgo	9 The Hermit
7. Libra	8 Justice
8. Scorpio	13 Death
9. Sagittarius	14 Temperance
10. Capricorn	15 The Devil
11. Aquarius	17 The Star
12. Pisces	18 The Moon

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The Hanging Man
Number Twelve